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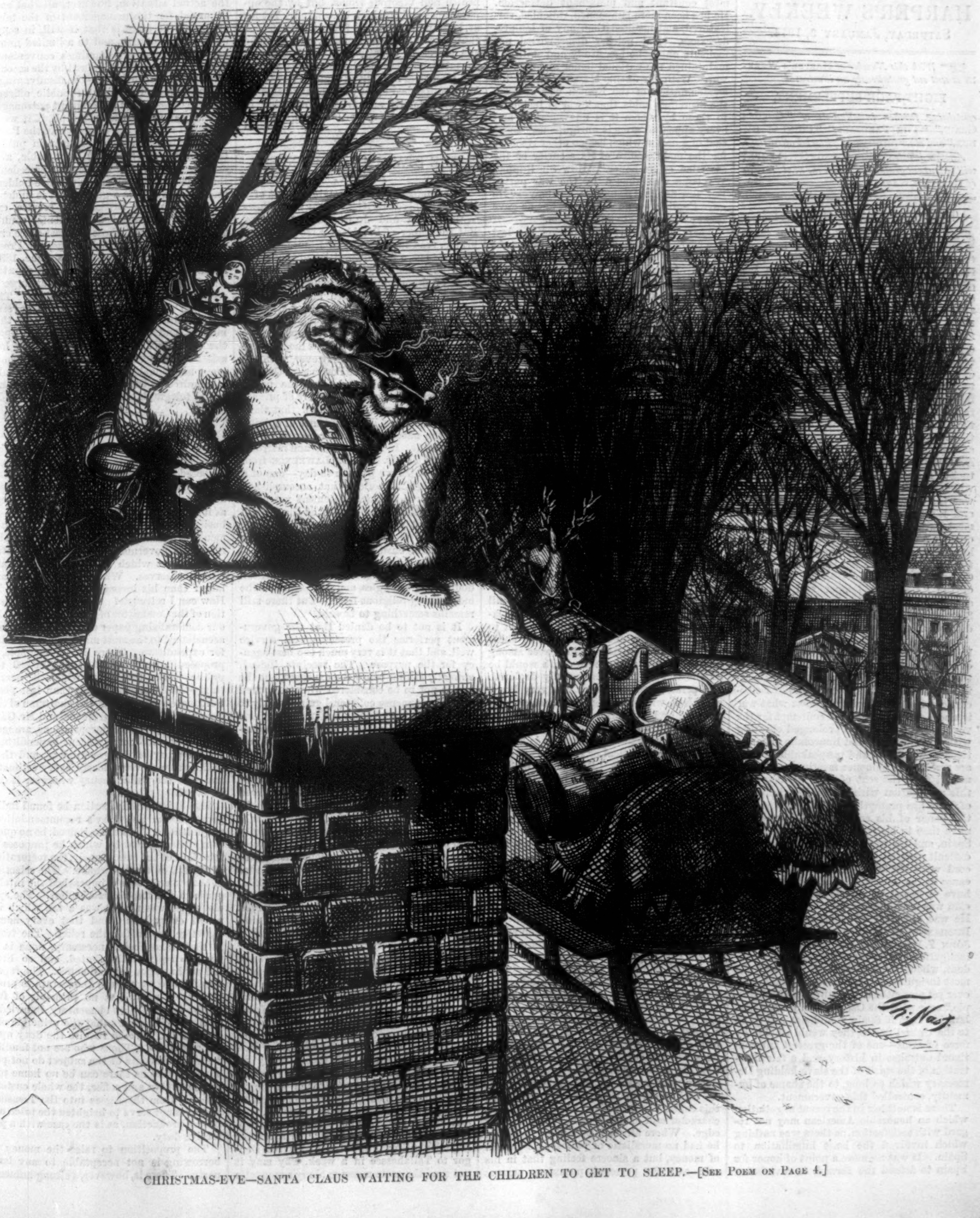

CHRISTMAS-EVE—SANTA CLAUS WAITING FOR THE CHILDREN TO GET TO SLEEP.—[See Poem on Page 4.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, January 3, 1874.

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THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

On the day that the *Virginius* was taken from the harbor of Havana to be returned to the United States—a proof both of the efficient energy of our government and of the good faith of that of Spain—Mr. Cox, of New York, declared in the House of Representatives that Congress was pusillanimous and without the courage to kill a mouse, and that the diplomacy of the Government had draggled the flag of the country in the dust. On the evening of the same day a meeting was held at the Cooper Institute in New York, at which a most insulting insinuation was made in regard to the Secretary of State by the Rev. Mr. Hepworth, the chief orator—an insult which demands the most public apology. We are glad to add that on the same day, also, Mr. Beck, a Democratic member of the House from Kentucky, said that if there was any thing which the President had managed well, it was the negotiation with Spain; and General Hawley, of Connecticut, one of the most gallant soldiers of the late war, eloquently and forcibly rebuked Mr. Cox, who, he said, when there was pressing opportunity, did not seem so anxious for war; and General Hawley expressed his admiration of the "Christian temper and Christian statesmanship" of the President and the Secretary of State in settling the Spanish difficulty.

In these words General Hawley, as we believe, expresses also the general opinion of the American people. Mr. Cox forgets that the Donnybrook-fair kind of patriotism went out with slavery and the Democratic party. The country knows what war is, and has a very profound contempt for the vociferous applause and prolonged cheering with which clerical and Buncombe exhortations to bloodshed and unspeakable sorrow are received at immense meetings safely removed from the seat of war. Throughout this negotiation with Spain the Secretary of State has promptly and fully maintained the honor of his country, and in nothing more than in his trust in the good faith of Spain, and his candid consideration of her difficult position. If he has not been in accord with Mr. Sickles, it is probably because of the tone which Mr. Sickles would have preferred to adopt. For that politician was bred, like Mr. Cox, in a bad school. He was secretary of legation with James Buchanan in London when Buchanan, John Y. Mason, and Pierre Soulé, at the instigation of Franklin Pierce, then President, whom Mr. Adams describes as "the most insignificant and unworthy candidate ever yet presented to the suffrages of the people," concocted the Ostend Manifesto, a declaration that if Spain would not sell Cuba to the United States, they would steal it by force of arms—one of the grossest international outrages in history, and a fair illustration of the spirit of the slave-holding Democracy which so long, to the shame of humanity, controlled this government.

There is nothing in the recent negotiation which an honorable American may not regard with satisfaction, as there was nothing which involved the least humiliation to Spain. It was no more a point of honor for Spain to defend the *Tornado* in a violation of national right than it was for the United States to insist upon justifying Captain Wilkes in seizing Mason and Slidell from the *Trent*. No intelligent American thought his government pusillanimous or afraid of a mouse because it had the courage to abide by its own humane traditions and to do right. The attitude of a bully is as contemptible in a nation as in an individual. It would have been very easy for the Secretary of State to put this country in that attitude toward Spain during the late negotiation. In not doing it he showed himself to be an honorable American citizen, a statesman, and a gentleman.

Since Mr. Fish took office he has had to deal with two very difficult foreign questions, the *Alabama* trouble with England and the prolonged Cuban complication; and he has managed both with such good temper and address that he deserves the most cordial gratitude of the country. Had his patriotism been of the Donnybrook-fair kind, we should have had war both with England and Spain. He has been pursued with the most constant and malignant detraction. He has been more lampooned, ridiculed, caricatured, and insulted than any of his predecessors. But neither disheartened nor foolishly angry, he has firmly and skillfully maintained the national honor and avoided war. With Sir James Mackintosh in his condemnation of the French war of 1793, the Secretary holds that "war is just only to those by whom it is unavoidable; and every appeal to arms is unrighteous, except that of a nation which has no other resource for the maintenance of its security or the assertion of its honor." How Sir Robert Walpole was abused by the war party! But how fine is Thackeray's eulogy—"He gave Englishmen no conquests, but he gave them peace and ease and freedom."

There have been times during the last five years when there were strong influences at work for taking part with Cuba against Spain. It required a very steady will and a very clear mind to resist them; and the Secretary has resisted. The Cuban revolutionary base has been here in New York, and the sufferings of the Cubans have strongly appealed to the general sympathy. There is always a certain but shameful popularity in the cry of war, especially if the cause seems to be worthy, and there are always demagogues ready to raise it. But the Secretary of State has plainly seen the path of duty from the first, and he has faithfully pursued it. Until our interests were involved, or the fact of belligerence was established so that we were obliged to act, it was our duty not to act. This has been the just and, in General Hawley's phrase, the Christian policy of the Government. We do not believe that the statesmanship of the Cooper Institute or of Steinway Hall would have improved it.

AGASSIZ.

The great student of nature whose fame was a national glory, and whose heart, overflowing with magnetic sympathy, made all his audiences his lovers, rests from his labors. By right of his single devotion to science a citizen of all countries, he chose America for his home, and he leaves among Americans few men whose death would be so affectionately and universally deplored. His personal acquaintance was very large, and those who knew him were not only influenced by his superior knowledge, but fascinated by his individual charm. The feeling for other great men among us is limited or colored by political or religious or philosophical sympathies. But the pursuit of science is not yet so general in this country that the hostilities of schools are of any wide mark, and Agassiz was equally honored and beloved by the educated class which knew the value of his labors, and by the great public which felt the warmth of his enthusiasm.

His powers were remarkable, his acquisitions immense, and his standing among scientific men indisputable. It was sometimes said that his imagination was too vivid for a strict scientist, and his temperament too ardent for the passionless observation which science demands. The reply is his unquestioned contributions to human knowledge. He had all the child-like sweetness and simplicity of character which is the finest charm of genius, and which is especially associated with the masters of natural science—the spirit of Newton affirming that he was but a child gathering pebbles on the shore of boundless truth. Of an inexpressible kindliness of manner, he was full of appreciation, commanding always by essential superiority, and never by dogmatic assertion. As with every genuine man, his service to this country and to his age was as much in character and example as in special knowledge. Where all are hot for money-making, he had no moralistic or philosophic disdain of money, but a sincere feeling that in his case care for personal pecuniary success would be a wanton waste of time and power. Yet no man was more persuasive with Legislatures to grant money for purposes of scientific study, and the secret of his eloquence was the irresistible conviction of the absolute unselfishness of his appeal. The same conviction opened scores of private purses, so that it was the felicity of his fortune to secure the amplest means for the prosecution of those studies which he, better than any living man, could most wisely direct.

The pursuit of science in this country was more quickened by Agassiz than by any other scholar, because of the great, genial, generous nature which gave him such popular ascendency upon the platform. Wherever he went his lectures were thronged and his audience delighted as by the most captivating orator of the people, yet without the least condescension upon his part to win a hearing by charlatanry or trickery. Few men give the impression of so rich a nature, so opulent a mind, blended with such candor, gentleness, and sweetness. He seemed marked for a long life, not only by his robust health and vigorous frame, but by the apparent ease with which he worked. Yet for at least four years his friends have feared that he would work no more, and now the end has come, happily with no clouding of the mind, and leaving the memory of a noble and blameless life, full of high service to his kind, untouched by any regret save that of the fond family and friendly affection in which that memory will be always hallowed.

THE STATE AS A BUSINESS AGENT.

In recommending the establishment of a National University, General Grant follows Washington and John Quincy Adams. But the paper of President Eliot, of Cambridge, read last summer at Elmira, was, it seemed to us, a final disposition of that question. For not only, as he showed, and as most of those who have thought upon the subject agree, would such an institution, organized as it must necessarily be, fail to serve the great purposes of a university, but its establishment would be in opposition to sound political principles. The modest suggestion of the President, however, with the renewed proposal of the Postmaster-General for the postal telegraph and the postal banks, with the constant prayers of private enterprises for public aid, show that there is a very wide and deep difference of opinion upon the nature and proper powers of the government. In the admirable and instructive letter of Mr. Eugene Lawrence from London which we publish to-day—one of a most delightful series—that accomplished scholar gives the best statement yet made of the methods and results of the British government postal and telegraph systems. Indeed, the picture of a government doing all kinds of business for the citizen safely and profitably is as alluring as that of an infallible Church relieving us of all spiritual doubts and struggles, and furnishing us the most saving religious faith. But there still remains something to be said.

It is not to be denied that the government performs the present postal service well, and that it is very much the best agency for the purpose. The receipts, indeed, annually fall far below the expenses, but the loss is not to be considered when compared with the immense collateral gain not only to the friendly intercourse, but to the business interest and general intelligence of the country. The Post-office is the certain and universal educator and civilizer, and one of the strongest bonds of national union. Administered by the government, its advantages are immense and general; but surrendered to private enterprise, its benefits would be local and incomplete, and the change would be a serious blow to the national prosperity and progress. So, also, state support of common schools is a public benefit without alloy. Mr. Mill, indeed, was of opinion that if the state *required* education for every child, it need not *provide* it. But how could it ascertain that the requirement was observed except by examination? The surer and simpler method obviously would be to provide teaching.

The Post-office and the common school, supported by the government, are, almost without opposition, sustained by public sentiment, and they serve to show that common consent justifies government in doing more than keep the peace and secure justice between men; and it justifies it in these instances for the reason that the general welfare is more equally and satisfactorily secured by the care of the state than it would be by individual interest. Then, of course, comes the question, if the Post-office may be properly managed by the government, why not the telegraph? If government may properly carry a written message in a leather bag upon railroads and steamboats from Bangor to Tallahassee in a week, why may it not send the same message along a magnetic wire in an hour? The reply usually made to this question is that such duties are not the function of government. But he who makes it is logically bound to admit that if the state may not be a telegraph operator, neither should it be a postman or a schoolmaster. Those, however, who support a system of state schools and a state post will object upon practical rather than theoretical grounds. They will say, first, that the management of the telegraph by the government is not necessary for the purpose for which the Post-office is maintained, and secondly, that its necessary consequences would be much more injurious than beneficial.

The purpose of the Post-office is not profit, for it is maintained at an annual deficiency of some millions of dollars. Its great object is the universal and certain diffusion of public and private intelligence, which is essential both to the business prosperity and the proper education of the country. If the Post-office did not exist, or did not perform this service, there might be good reason for reaching the same end by the telegraph. In the actual situation, however, all that can be urged for the management of the telegraph by the state is that it will, in some parts of the country, and to a limited number of persons, be sometimes convenient. But this argument is answered by the second consideration mentioned—the disadvantage of the increased number of public officers and the extension of government patronage.

That the use of the telegraph, if it were stretched over all the country like the Post-office routes, would be cheaper in public than in private hands, is improbable, and can not be proved from English precedent. But that the multiplication of office-holders under our system is a grave peril is undeniable. The whole British civil service, exclusive of the legal departments, counts 29,000 members; of these the Post-office employs 6539. In his late Message, the President states that on the 30th of June, 1873, the number of post-offices in this country was 33,244, and the civil service at large is reckoned at 70,000 or 80,000 members. The adoption of the telegraph by the government could not fail largely to increase this number, and we are glad to see that, upon the motion of Mr. Beck, the House has asked the Postmaster-General to report how many additional persons of all grades would be required by the postal savings-banks and postal telegraph.

MONEY WANTED.

As the public revenues are less than the expenses, the Secretary of the Treasury has proposed increased taxation to the amount of about $40,000,000. The exact prospective deficiency can not, of course, be determined, as it depends upon the general condition of business; but it is supposed that the sum mentioned will be amply sufficient. The rule for a government in the present situation is that which every sensible private citizen observes. When his expenses are larger than his income, his first inquiry is, How can I retrench? And this is the question of the Committee of Ways and Means. In our demoralizing paper era we have become accustomed to the most munificent estimates for expenditure. There is, for example, a proposed appropriation of $33,000,000 for public works this year, which is nearly thirty-three per cent. more than last year. Fortunately Mr. Dawes, the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and Mr. Garfield, of that upon Appropriations, are men who do not favor magnificent expenditures for the glory of the government, and they will scrutinize very closely every estimate, and save the public money wherever it can be saved.

Should increased taxation be found indispensable, the Secretary's recommendations are judicious. There can, indeed, be no question of the method by which he proposes to raise half of the sum, namely, the restoration of the tax on tea and coffee. The selection of that tax for repeal impeached the intelligence of the Republican leaders. The specious plea was that it was a tax which invaded every home, and that every home, therefore, would feel the relief. The truth is that, taxes being necessary, none is so just, so equally distributed, and so little felt as that upon tea and coffee. The repeal was favored by enough Democrats to prove that their party has no principle of free trade; for the most elementary knowledge of the subject shows that the principle of a revenue tariff would require the duty upon tea and coffee. Those who are not familiar with the elements of the subject do not perhaps see that as there can be no home production of tea and coffee, the whole customs revenue from them goes into the Treasury, and does not serve to heighten the price of a native production, as is the case with a protective duty.

The proposition to raise the money by borrowing is not acceptable to any large party. There is, however, a strong influence for inflation, represented by General BUTLER, which does not care what "Jew bankers" may think, and which would settle our debts by false promises to pay money. Those who think specie payment a "mischievous dogma" will naturally regard the public faith and honest principle and common-sense and experience as mere chimeras. Should they succeed in controlling the action of Congress, national bankruptcy will be inevitable. It is possible that an effort will be made to restore the income tax, but it will be resisted, and we believe successfully, upon many grounds: its unconstitutionality, which will be urged as it never was before, and its inquisitorial and unpopular character, which will appeal to the party feeling of the majority.

The necessity of increased taxation will be very distasteful to many party leaders, for they know the power of the adverse party argument drawn from such a fact. But the country is more intelligent than mere politicians ever believe. Every body knows that the necessity arises from the panic, and that the panic was due to the expansion and extravagance fostered by a currency which was necessitated by the war. No honorable man wishes the government to repudiate or go to protest. The immediate duty, then, is to provide means by retrenchment and taxation, and then to get back to a financial system which is not necessarily demoralizing and dangerous.

THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA CONSTITUTION.

THE adoption of the new Pennsylvania Constitution by an immense majority is one of the good signs of the times. Not the least of its happy results will be the destruction of the present "Ring" in that State, which is quite as menacing and corrupt as that of TWEED was in New York. One of the leading members of the Convention, the Hon. WAYNE MACVEAGH, late minister to Turkey, sums up the merits of the new constitution in a letter to some of his old friends, who had asked his views:

> "It saves the sinking fund to the tax-payers; it removes from the pardoning power every suspicion of improper motives; it furnishes ample protection to the ballot-box; it does all in its power to destroy the lobby; it abolishes special legislation; it endeavors to preserve the dignity of the Legislature by orderly procedure; it closes a source of alleged corruption by preventing legislative grants to particular corporations; it refuses to impair the usefulness or infringe the rights of railway companies, but it reforms their abuses with an unsparing hand, limits them to the objects of their creation, and clothes the right of the people to use them without unjust discrimination with the inviolable sanctions of the fundamental law. Doubtless some good men will find themselves unable to support it on account of real or imagined defects in it, and some bad men will favor it to distract attention from their need of its restraints. Even its sincere advocates ought not to be too sanguine of the results which will flow from it. It will not change dishonest men into honest men, nor eradicate the abuses of years in a day, nor inaugurate a political millennium of unselfish devotion to the general welfare; but I am thoroughly persuaded that its main tendencies are in the good direction of a better government and a nobler and purer public life."

FRANKING.

THERE used to be two hundred and fifty thousand copies of the Agricultural Report printed by the government, and sent free by Congressional frank through the mails. The great mass of these were never read, and were sold for old paper and ground up. Patent reports, private circulars of every kind, tons of rubbish, were shot into the mail-bags, and while the general appropriations increased, the Post-office Department reported every year a growing deficit. Last year the franking privilege was repealed. This year the inconvenience has been so sorely felt that there is a demand for some kind of reconsideration. There is no doubt that Congress did not favor the repeal; but the Postmaster-General urged it, and the "popular clamor," as certain Representatives call the loud expression of public opinion through the press, demanded it, and Congress irritably made a clean sweep, not even providing for the necessary correspondence of the government. The subject may now, therefore, be reasonably discussed.

There was no question of the enormous abuse of the old system. The government established a printing-office, and printed hundreds of thousands of costly and useless books, and sent them, at immense expense, all over the country. Very few officers entitled to frank seemed to understand either the reason or the honorable condition of the privilege. It was meant for a public benefit, and they used it as a personal perquisite. The abuse had become intolerable, and it was suddenly and properly stopped, but unfortunately the use was lost with the abuse. Besides the necessary official correspondence of the government, there are many valuable documents which ought to be distributed for the public advantage, but which would not be known nor sent for by constituents. The benefit of their free distribution would be much greater than that of the money saved to the Treasury. Some system might be devised by which this should be effected without fostering the mere manufacture of documents. But if it can not be done without starting the government printing-office again, it is better to do nothing.

THE SENATE AND THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

WE have already stated that the nomination of Mr. WILLIAMS to be Chief Justice of the United States had surprised the country. We may now add that it seems to have outraged the profession. Meanwhile the delay in confirmation is fatal to public confidence in the magistrate. The character, the professional learning, the general standing, of the candidate should be so conspicuous as to make confirmation a mere form. Delay is as decisive as action. It is the kind of silence which is most eloquent. And the hesitation of the Senate can only mean that it thinks the nomination ought not to be confirmed. Should that be its real feeling, its course is plain. It is not a question of pleasing the President. It is of advising and consenting to an appointment for life to the highest judicial station in the country, involving the most important responsibilities. Senators are now summoned to one of their most serious official acts, and every patriotic, party, and personal consideration should plead with them not to forget it.

OPENING LETTERS.

A RECENT resolution in Congress, introduced by Mr. DAWES, has been supposed to insinuate that letters have been illegally detained and opened at the New York Post-office. The character of the Postmaster, Mr. JAMES, however, is to those who know him sufficient refutation of the suggestion. But he instantly and properly published a note, quoting the words of the law in regard to letters or packages suspected of containing articles subject to duty, and stating that no letter or package intrusted to the mails under his care has ever been opened except by the person to whom it was addressed. This is conclusive so far as the action of the Postmaster is concerned.

The customs laws, however, are undoubtedly inquisitorial and vexatious. They assume that every body who can will cheat the government, and they are very apt to treat the most honorable merchants as shabby swindlers. The resolution of Mr. DAWES, and the conduct of informers and agents to which it refers, and recent cases of seizure and examination, and the flagrant abuse of the system of moieties, only show how urgent is the necessity of revising the whole incongruous, extravagant, and pernicious customs system. Mr. FENTON'S proposed substitution of fixed salaries for moieties and perquisites is very proper, but what is needed is a thorough revision and reform of the entire system.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. IV.

WITHIN the heart of London, clustered together in a narrow space, is a group of remarkable buildings, the centre and the source of England's trade. Low, massive, and shapeless, a square block of dingy granite, strong apparently as a fortress, and guarded always like a garrison, the Bank of England holds within its limits treasures that might have astonished an Inca, and a command over the commerce of the world that for more than a century has seldom been disputed. Some traces of a coming change may be not indistinctly observed. The natural resources of the New World must at last give to New York and the transatlantic cities the chief control of money and of exchange. But as yet the granite block on Threadneedle Street is the supreme arbiter of values. It opens its stream of gold, and prices rise; it refuses to lend, and the products of every clime feel an immediate decline. Near the Bank is the Exchange, the spot where the business of all races is transacted, and where for three centuries the merchants of England have slowly, sternly, and sometimes with cruel harshness, pursued their definite aim of buying cheap and selling dear. Yet it is impossible not to review with a natural admiration the ceaseless enterprise and never-failing courage of these children of trade. The British merchant, the true offspring of Phœnician and Carthaginian, has penetrated every foreign sea in search of gain; has risked money, toil, and often life, in the pursuit of new avenues of profit; has been discouraged by no disaster, and has risen superior to every defeat. But for his rare spirit of enterprise, his daring toils on the Indian Ocean or the polar seas, England must have remained an obscure realm, and the parent of colonies and nations languished barren and unknown. It is her merchants that have made England powerful, and the toils of a people to whom labor has never seemed arduous. The fair and stately front of the Royal Exchange, therefore, built from the spoils of Elizabethan commerce, and embellished from that of VICTORIA, has its own wide significance, and the place where English merchants meet is still a noted scene in history. Opposite is the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's palace in his brief sway, decorated with gilded furniture, and glowing with a kind of tawdry opulence. There is Guildhall. Yonder the dome of St. Paul's rises over Ludgate Hill. A throng of huge commercial buildings encircle the Bank and the Exchange. But the most useful of them all to human progress, the most important of the group, is the new Post-office, a heavy colonnade of granite, discolored and dim, yet the means of distributing knowledge to the most distant limits of the realm, and the most perfect of all human contrivances for aiding the intercourse of nations.

Once the appanage of a noble family who preyed upon the people and scoffed at their complaints, the British Post-office, through the labors of a series of reformers, has become the most perfect of the English institutions. England might lose its establishment or part with its hereditary rulers with no lasting pain, but its Post-office has become the common friend of all the people. In the midst of the lingering shadows of the Middle Ages, of palaces and royalty, caste and prerogative, this institution is wholly popular and singularly democratic. It obeys and serves all classes alike. It first offered to the world the example of a cheap transmission of knowledge thirty years ago; it has forced all other nations to admit the necessity of cheap communication. Europe and America have yielded to its dictation. The people of all civilized lands owe their cheap postage to English reformers. But not content with distributing nearly a billion of letters annually at a most modest rate, with sending out books, pamphlets, and newspapers in an almost limitless stream, with its throng of servants and officials, its countless appliances devoted to the public service, with its ceaseless vigilance in gratifying the wants or assuaging the complaints of those it seeks to serve, its prudent managers have never hesitated year by year to add to its round of duties. The Post-office has become the chief means by which the government can directly promote the general welfare of the nation. It collects debts and dividends, transmits funds from place to place, opens savings-banks for the poor at four thousand postal stations, manages the telegraphic system, insures the lives of all who can pay a small premium, grants annuities, and has taught the people industry and thrift as well as the love of knowledge. When its powers are enlarged it is difficult to see why it must not engross a large share of the capital of the country that is not in use, supply the state with all the money it needs, and the people with a ceaseless tide of information.

As the sole manager of the telegraph, the Post-office has proved singularly successful. The government purchased the lines at an extravagant rate, and was misled by the owners as to the amount of the returns. Yet with all the disadvantages of an imprudent bargain, the new system promises to be profitable as well as useful. For a small sum, that does not vary with the distance, a message may be sent to any part of the kingdom; it may be dropped in a letter-box or left at a postal station. The uniformity of the rate, like that of postage, has proved a strong attraction, the messages, according to the last Post-office report, have increased to 15,000,000, or at the rate of 3,000,000 yearly. Unusual accuracy is obtained. The press is enlarging its use of the wires with extraordinary rapidity. The telegraph is rapidly becoming a constant mode of communication for all classes, and the avarice of stockholders or the extravagance of directors no longer impedes the intercourse of Englishmen. The charges will no doubt be gradually reduced, and telegraphic communication be made almost as cheap as postal. Nor can it be long before our own government will be obliged to adopt the popular system, and enable its people to converse with each other at any distance at moderate rates, unrestrained by the exactions of private monopolies; and the still wider prospect of an international telegraph is suggested that may spread cheap thought over the habitable globe.

But the most novel of the uses of the English Post-office are its double service as the life-insurer and the savings-bank of the poor. As a life-insurance company it insures lives within a moderate amount, grants annuities, accepts risks. Its life business advances steadily; it has already twenty-seven hundred annuitants; the security is perfect, the rate low, and the people are slowly learning to provide by a safe insurance for the wants of old age or of their families. Still more popular and successful has been the establishment of postal savings-banks. More than four thousand of these places of deposit have been spread over England. They are designed to receive small sums, not under one shilling nor over thirty pounds. A moderate interest is allowed; the money is withdrawn by letter; the wants of the industrial classes have been carefully observed, and every secluded rural district may now have its savings-bank, life-insurance company, money order, and collecting department easy of access and perfectly secure. By the last report of the Post-office it is shown with what readiness the people confide their earnings to the state, and how naturally they prefer the faith of the community to that of any private institution. Under the former system of savings-banks defalcation was common, and clerks and presidents were seldom beyond suspicion. Under the government plan I was assured by the comptroller of the department that the whole loss since its creation had been less than £3000. The old savings-banks are gradually passing away. One hundred and seventy have closed their doors, and transferred their deposits to the Post-office. The number of postal depositors increased last year from 1,300,000 to 1,440,000, or to nearly one-twentieth of the whole population. The whole amount deposited in small sums has risen to £19,000,000. It is proposed to lower the amount to one penny and raise it to a much larger sum than its present limit. Tenderness for the old banks has heretofore prevented the government from entering upon an open rivalry with them; but with the advance of the postal facilities there seems no doubt that the amount deposited will increase so rapidly as to form a large part of the national resources. The government will employ and make productive the people's savings. Instead of hoarding their money or lending it to doubtful institutions, it will intrust it to the community. They will escape the constant alarms, the fear of breaking banks, the strange panic that almost annually drives the throng of small depositors to call back their loans only to replace them. In the postal banks they have a certainty that could nowhere else be obtained. In the days of TWEED, in the city of New York, the worst though least-known examples of fraud and cruelty were committed through the defaulting savings-banks. To trust companies and private institutions thousands owe their poverty and their ruin. England in her GURNEYS, and America in her Brooklyn Trust Company, or her New York defaulters, have felt the common need of safety. The postal savings-banks must soon spread over the New World, and the immense earnings of our people will supply all the wants of an economical rule. France, M. DE MALARCE tells us in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is anxious to profit by the experience of England, and imitate its postal banks; and the English Post-office has discovered a new method of binding the people to their government, and making them zealous guardians of its honesty.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE most noteworthy features in the work of Congress for the week ending December 20 were the passage of the bankruptcy repeal law by the House, and an important step toward the conclusion of the "back-pay" discussion. The action of the House on the bankruptcy question began with the introduction of a bill by Mr. Tremaine, December 16, repealing the original law, and compelling all creditors in actions now pending, whether an adjudication has been decreed or not, at the option of the majority in value, to take whatever kind of goods and chattels in liquidation of their debts it may please the majority to vote. This bill was defeated, and the one known as the Parsons bill, with an amendment by Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, was passed by a large majority. It repeals all present laws, except as to now pending suits, wherein bankruptcy has been adjudicated. The fees in these cases are to be reduced one-half. The Senate took up the House bill December 17, and referred it to the Judiciary Committee. The salary question came up, December 16, on the report of a bill by Mr. Hale from the select committee, fixing Congressmen's salaries at $5500 and actual traveling expenses to and from the capital, and excepting the President and judges of the Supreme Court from reduction. Nearly two days were spent in discussing the matter, and finally, on December 17, on motion of Mr. Hurlbut, a compromise was adopted fixing the pay of Congressmen at $6000, and leaving other salaries untouched. The bill is to take effect not from the opening of the present session, but from the date of passage. The Senate received the bill from the House December 18, and referred it to the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment. —On December 15 John L. Pennington, of Alabama, was nominated to be Governor of Dakota.—The House bill for the redemption of the loan of 1858 was passed by the Senate December 15 with slight amendment, which met with the concurrence of the House.—Mr. Sumner introduced a resolution December 17, which was adopted, instructing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue and its subordinates, and collect internal taxes by stamps alone.—The Senate amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill, making the sum $5,000,000, was concurred in by the House December 18.

The new Pennsylvania constitution has been adopted by a very large majority.

The trial of Assemblyman Henry W. Genet for fraud in connection with the construction of the Harlem Court-house was begun in the Court of Oyer and Terminer in this city December 16. Ex-Mayor Hall has been notified by the Attorney-General to prepare for another trial.

The funeral of Professor Agassiz took place December 18.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE steamer *Virginius* was surrendered to the United States authorities at Bahia Honda, Cuba, on the morning of December 17.

Havana journals assert that the Jesuits expelled from Mexico have been appointed parish priests in Cuba in violation of the law, which forbids the conferring of such charges on foreigners or Jesuits.

The village of Westville, Nova Scotia, which is built over the Acadia Coal Mines, suffered great damage the other day from the subsidence of the ground. Most of the houses are very much awry, and the inhabitants are greatly frightened.

A petition for the restoration of the monarchy, bearing 120,000 signatures, was presented to the French Assembly December 15.

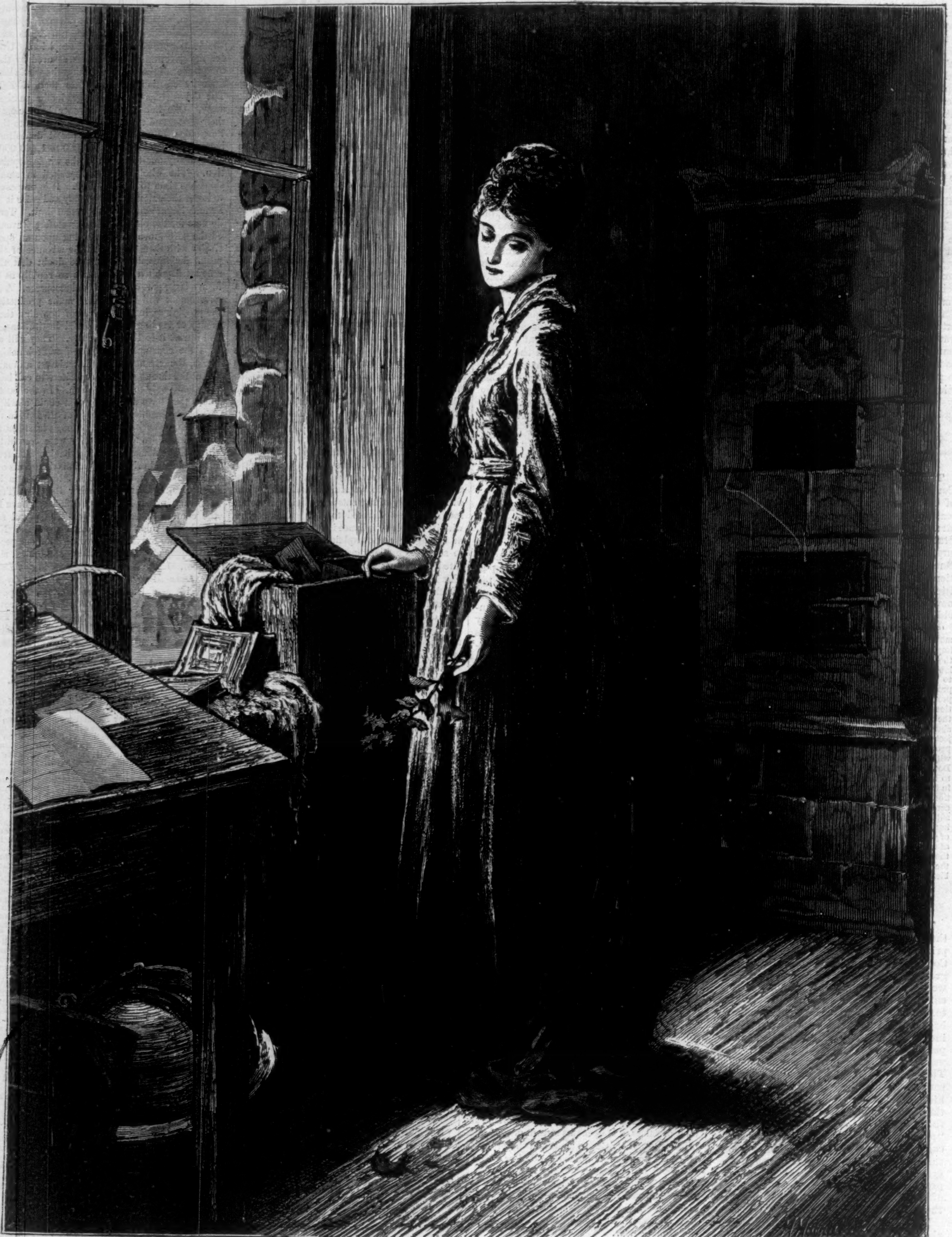
A terrible storm prevailed in parts of England and Scotland December 15. Houses were blown down, churches unroofed, and many fatal accidents occurred.

The steamer *Celerity*, bound from Riga for Stettin, has been lost, with twenty-one persons on board.

Panchero Aguilera will succeed Cespedes as President of the Cuban republic.

The Dutch forces in Achen have captured a native fortress, losing only six men in the assault.

Señor Soler, the Spanish colonial minister, is about visiting the towns and plantations in the interior of Cuba, for the purpose of instituting needed reforms.



CHRISTMAS-DAY—FAR FROM HOME.

SANTA CLAUS.—[See Illustration on First Page.]

Ho! ho! my fleet coursers! you've brought me too soon,
Through the sharp, frosty air, 'neath the clear shining moon,
From the far frozen North, where securely I dwell,
And keep men aloof with my grim icy spell!

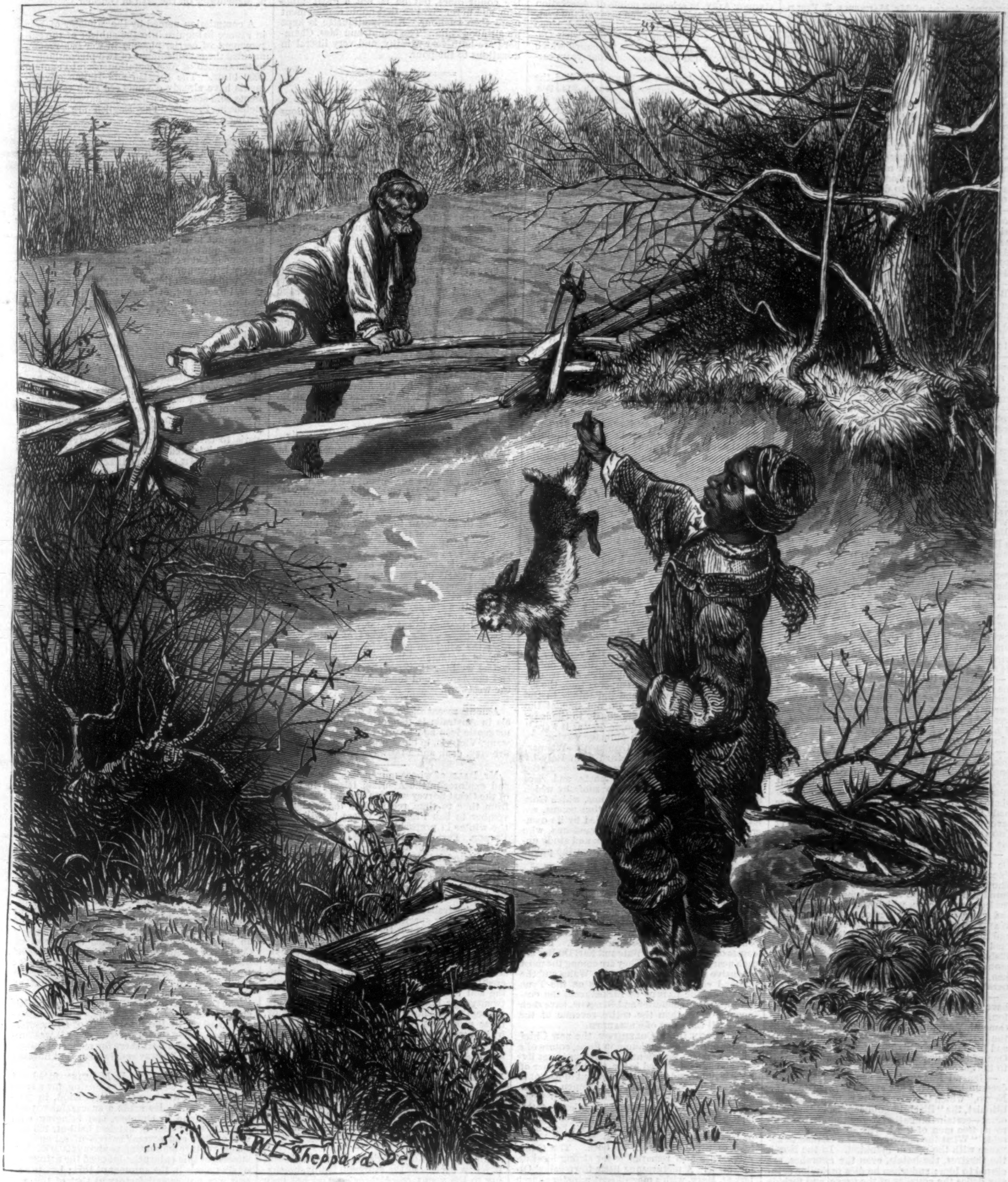
Ha! ha! For long ages they've striven in vain
To break through the wall of my chosen domain;
To wrest my ice-fields from my ancient control,
And tear down my banner that floats from the pole!

The step of a mortal would shatter the spell;
So against the invader I guard myself well,
Lest, driven from earth, I must hide my gray head
Where my kindred, the gay fairy people, have fled.

Alas for the spirits of innocent mirth,
Long driven from meadow, from grove, and from hearth,
The gay fairy people of earth's merry prime!
But I still reign secure in my own frozen clime.

Yet I could not but sigh as my deer sped me on
O'er the snow-covered tomb of heroic Sir John,
And a singular moisture came into my eyes
As I passed where brave Hall in his lonely grave lies.

Ah, well!—'Twas their fate to be heroes and die;
'Tis the price mortals pay for fame lasting and high;
But the glory and honor that's most to my mind
Is to be in the hearts of the children enshrined.



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER SAFE.—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]

"DONE COTCH HIM!"

What! not yet asleep?—No, their voices I hear:
How little they guess their old friend is so near!
I hope they won't keep me cooped here half the night,
For I've a long journey to make before light.

I had never to wait in the old-fashioned days,
Before people put on these new-fangled ways,
When the children were pillowed by daylight's decline,
And the household was wrapped in sound slumber by nine.

And then, down the wide-throated chimney I'd slip,
With my knapsack in hand, never fearing a trip,
Nor dreading to stick in some narrow-mouthed flue,
And break half my presents before I got through;

But through the great fire-place step into the room,
Where the still-glowing embers half lighted the gloom,
And fill all the stockings that hung by the fire
With the knickknacks and goodies that young hearts desire.

And I mind me of times under old heathen rule
When the flames leaped and roared from the hearth-logs of Yule,
When peasants in homespun and knights in bright mail
Pledged each other in great foaming flagons of ale;

When the boar's head was brought in with piping and song,
And the feasting and merriment waxed loud and long,
And the lowly and noble for once in the year
Side by side ate and drank round the board of good cheer.

But hark!—Yes, below it grows quiet at last;
The children are silent and slumbering fast;
I must hasten!—Good gracious! I, too, growing old?—
My legs are quite stiff, sitting still in the cold.

This never will answer. Each dear little head
When Christmas-eve comes should press early the bed.
So down through the chimney, then up and away,
To give all the children a bright Christmas-day!

PERSONAL.

The appointment of Mr. Maunsell B. Field as Civil Justice of the Second District Court is one eminently fit to be made. Not only is he a good lawyer, but a well-informed man, and full of good sense. He is, moreover, a gentleman, and will impart to that branch of our civil service a dignity it has not hitherto enjoyed. The minor court—"the poor man's court" preeminently, as Mr. Field calls it—has hitherto been deemed a place for second and third rate politicians, regardless of ability or position. Under Judge Field it will be resorted to by suitors in confidence of a speedy and prompt administration of justice.

—Sir John Bennett has announced his intention to offer a premium of a hundred guineas for the best English national song and chorus, a jury to be appointed to decide upon the merits of the compositions offered.

—Independence Whipple, of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, died recently at the age of ninety-six. He was born during the prevalence of the spirit of '76 in its greatest intensity, and he and his twin brother were given the names of Independence and Liberty. It was patriotic, and the best thing the old gentleman could do.

—Fukai Taichn, a native of Jeddo, Japan, is at Bennington, Vermont, learning to run a knitting-machine. Mr. Taichn is one of the number who were sent to this country nine months ago to familiarize themselves with machinery. F. T. is said to be quick-witted, and takes kindly to his business.

—The officials of a village near Wethersfield, Connecticut, have forbidden one Weatherwax to raise onions on his cemetery lot. For this unwarranted restriction of his rights he has determined to shed no more tears.

—It may be interesting to mention that the quotation from the "fine writer of antiquity" used by Mr. Disraeli in his remarkable address on being instituted as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, when he was impressing on the students the great importance of a due sense of their relations with God, is from the *Ajax* of Sophocles. The following may be offered as a rendering:

"These things, and all things, at all times, I say,
My faith is come straight from the gods to men.
Whoso deems other form of doctrine true,
He has his creed: let me adhere to mine."

In Harper's edition of the *Ajax* (page 272) the translation is thus given in prose: "I then would say that the gods devised both this and every thing else forever to mankind. But to whomsoever in opinion this is not pleasing, let him fondly cling to other, and me to this."

—The late Rev. Baron Stowe had a correct idea of "the eternal fitness of things" when he said, "Sermons are like guns, long or short, new or old, bright or rusty, loaded or empty. Some shoot too high, some too low. They teach, arouse, or exasperate according as they are managed."

—We assume it to be a matter of fact that no one but a stony-hearted editor, such as the responsible man of the Lowell *Courier*, would ever have written a paragraph like this: "Vice-President Wilson is going to Florida in search of health. We hope he won't come home with a florid-er complexion."

—Bulwer didn't think much of *Old King Cole*, *Traviata*, and that sort of thing. "Very stupid people," he writes, "become very musical. It is a sort of pretension to intellect that suits their capacities. Plutarch says somewhere that the best musical instruments are made from the jaw-bones of asses. Plutarch never made a more sensible observation." Yet Thomas Jefferson played the fiddle. So does the princely Duke of Edinburgh.

—Mr. Richard Ray Ward, an old and estimable resident of this city, who died a few days since, was the senior honorary member of the Rhode Island Historical Society, which was founded in 1822. He was chairman of a literary confederacy or club, which was formed in 1815, and consisted of four persons—Richard Ray Ward, Bishop Eastburn, John Neilson, Jun., and Robert C. Sands. Of these, the poet Sands died in 1832, the artist Neilson died in 1852, Bishop Eastburn in 1872. The club put up a monument to the memory of Sands in Hoboken, and Bishop Eastburn officiated at the funeral service.

—Twenty autograph letters of Washington have just been discovered in a package at Princeton. They relate principally to the college, to General Mercer, who was killed there, and to the battle. They were written to Aaron Burr and his father and to President Witherspoon. One of them urges the erection of a monument to the general.

—General Roger A. Pryor delivered an address in Brooklyn a few evenings since on "The Negro," which told the Northern man—the Abolitionist, the "Black Republican," and the Democrat—certain things that were an admirable snub to us free men of the North. For example, he said: "What the negro wants is a chance to advance with the rest of mankind. In the North the theatres, the hotels, even the churches, are closed to him; and when he dies prejudice actually defies the equality of the grave, and forbids that his bones shall desecrate the sanctity of Greenwood and Woodlawn and Laurel Hill." Well put! Again he says: "I have great hopes for the negro. To be sure, the system of slavery was not the best school in which to learn the science of government; but we have not yet heard that a negro was in any way implicated in the Crédit Mobilier scandal, and I do not believe that the negro Legislature of South Carolina was any more purchasable than the New York Assembly during the days of the Ring."

—Mr. R. A. Proctor, the English astronomer, was honored with a fine reception by the Lotos Club on Saturday evening, December 13. Mr. Proctor was invited to this country to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. He will repeat the course in New York. His fame has been made in the last ten years. He is now thirty-six, and did not begin the study of astronomy until ten years ago. In the interval he has not only become the first of popular English writers and lecturers upon astronomy, but has fought and overcome in at least one stoutly contested battle with some very eminent savants. As long ago as 1869 he demonstrated that Sir George Airy, the Astronomer Royal of England, was wrong in his explanation of the manner in which the approaching transit of Venus might best be utilized. Sir George Airy was in favor of the approximate process in dealing with the calculations, while Mr. Proctor preferred the exact process. He insisted, also, that Sir George Airy, in selecting points of observation in Hindostan, had overlooked many of the best. Mr. Proctor appears to have been right, since the Board of Visitation of the Greenwich Observatory unanimously adopted the course which Mr. Proctor had recommended four years earlier.

—It was old Peter Van Dyke. He died the other day in New Hampshire, worth $140,000. Peter—good man, but odd—requested in his will that "no one should sniffle and shed crocodile tears at his funeral, but cover him over, and then hurry home to fight over the money."

—Old Mr. Meriwether was going from New York to Stonington the other night by the express train, and was careless. "Conductor!" exclaimed he, in an irascible manner, "why didn't you wake me as I asked you? Here I am, miles beyond my station." The conductor replied: "I did try, but all I could get you to say was, 'All right, Maria. Get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute!'"

—The first edition of Mr. John Stuart Mill's *Autobiography*, consisting of three thousand copies, was all sold within six days of publication, and a second edition of the same number is already exhausted.

—Mr. Disraeli's speech on being installed as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, while marked by the higher thought and grasp of the statesman, nevertheless is enlivened here and there by the same dash and satire and knowledge of the world displayed in his earlier novels. When Vivian Grey so promptly prescribes for the Marchioness of Carabas's favorite dog, and assures her off-hand that the fit is "not apoplexy, but the first symptom of an epidemic," we all enjoy it; and just such bits of quiet sarcasm are observable in the last public effort of the great Tory leader of England.

—Mr. William Cullen Bryant has presented to the High School at Princeton, Illinois, $500, the income of which is to be yearly distributed in prizes. Mr. Bryant has a brother dwelling in that region.

—A merchant writing from Honolulu says: "Two weeks ago we had a ball at the palace of our king, Lunalilo I. He is our friend. When he was still merely crown prince I loaned him two dollars—"only for a day," he said. When I met him a year after I reminded him of the loan, but he told me to wait till he should have become king, of which the prospects were then very slight. But now he is king, and I have silently made him a present of two dollars. Cheap friendship, considering he is king!"

—Madame Guerebella, who a few years since had a brief but brilliant career in this city as an operatic star, and who was noticed for her easy, graceful, and lady-like manner on the stage, has recently appeared in Dublin with success as a dramatic artiste. The Dublin journals are quite commendatory of her powers. Madame Guerebella married many years ago a Russian nobleman. He was a naughty nobleman, and treated his wife so badly that the emperor took the affair in hand personally, and did things to the naughty nobleman that he did not like, at the same time behaving very graciously to the lady. The man was made an example of, "as it were," and the wife came off with plumage waving.

—The town-house of Goethe at Weimar, presented to him on his return from Italy by the Grand Duke, forms an exception among the humble abodes of Weimar's poets, and rises conspicuously above the lowly roofs by which it is surrounded. The upper rooms, which Goethe used as drawing and reception rooms, are let, and the lower floor is occupied by its owners, Goethe's two unmarried grandsons, who keep their grandfather's bedroom and study unchanged, and carefully guarded from the public eye.

—The income tax of England shows that some of the old families of the realm and some of the modern money-makers have incomes that would be deemed respectable even in New York. The rent-roll of the Marquis of Westminster within the limits of the city of London, not to speak of the annual value of his other landed estates, exceeds $5,000,000 per annum. The incomes of the Marquis of Bute and Earl Dudley are each nearly $2,500,000. They are among the most extensive coal and iron miners in Wales and the midland counties. The Napiers on the Tyne and Clyde, the Lairds at Birkenhead, the cotton kings at Manchester and Glasgow, have each incomes more than the entire revenue of the crown till the reign of Elizabeth.

—Sir John Duke Coleridge, the new Chief Justice of the English Common Pleas, comes of a family eminent for talent. His father is yet living, an eminent retired judge, the biographer of Keble and friend and correspondent of Arnold. He is one of the very few Englishmen in modern times who have had a son take his place as Chief Justice. The hereditary talent of this family is remarkable. From the time of the poet some member of it has almost always been more or less eminent in law or letters, or, as in the case of Sir John, Sen., in both. The Coleridges are also remarkable for strong local attachment. A picturesque little town called Ottery St. Mary, with a magnificent minster church and delightful environs, is full of the pleasant homes of this family, which has resided here for generations.

—The Comte de Chambord has fallen under the scrutiny of a correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, who gives of him the following crayon sketch: "The personal appearance of the count is comely, dignified, and agreeable; his demeanor easy, graceful, and unstudied. He is slightly above the middle height, and more than slightly given to *embonpoint*—the family failing, if it be not the family favor, of the elder branch. His forehead is remarkably high and smooth. His voice is sonorous and peculiarly attractive. His acquirements as a linguist—especially in English—are, it is reported, remarkable; he is in every respect accomplished, and is a very brilliant conversationalist. The prince is an early riser, seldom quitting the apartment later than six in the morning. The day commences with the examination and rectification of an exceedingly voluminous correspondence, to which he gives his personal attention, answering a large number of letters with his own hand." Naturally enough, the count next goes at the newspapers, makes clippings, and files them away with patience and exactitude—a labor that must have brought him a world of valuable information, and shown him that "one man" is becoming of less and less importance in governments as the people become intelligent and self-respectful. Of course the count dines, but he is not a great table man, and never gives to that noble employment more than an hour. Kingly etiquette is kept up all about him. The count and Mrs. Chambord are both very wealthy, and very liberal in donations to the poor.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Caspian Sea is extremely rich in various species of fish, many of these occurring in prodigious numbers. Indeed, according to Alexander Schultz, the yield is very much greater than that of the Great Bank of Newfoundland. Thus in one single district 15,000 sturgeon are frequently taken in a day, and when the fishing is interrupted for twenty-four hours the waters become almost choked by the abundance of fish, which are so numerous as to press each other out upon the shore. The total yield of the Caspian Sea for one year in fish and fish products has been estimated at 13,000,000 pouds (about 469,430,000 pounds avoirdupois), worth about $12,000,000.

There are several varieties of sturgeon among the fish taken, including the sterlet, as well as the carp and other cyprinoids, the salmon, the *Coregonus* (similar to the white-fish of the American lakes), several kinds of herring, etc. A peculiar phenomenon observed especially among the sturgeon is that of a kind of winter sleep. At the approach of cold weather they seek the deep portion of the rivers, and remain there in a state of torpor, during which they secrete a viscid matter, which forms a coating over the entire body, called by the fishermen a *pelisse*. During this period they appear to eat nothing, their stomachs always being found entirely empty.

For many years the Royal Meteorological Institute of the Netherlands has systematically labored in the arrangement and study of an immense mass of observations on the temperature of the wind and the currents of the ocean. The Institute has recently elucidated the subject of the physics of the ocean by the publication of a series of charts, detailing the temperature of the surface of the ocean for each month and year over that portion of the North Atlantic included between thirty and fifty-two degrees north latitude, and zero and fifty degrees west longitude, the region, therefore, most frequently traversed by the vessels of Europe and America. Over 51,000 observations made by the navy of Holland, and with instruments that have been compared with a standard, are presented synoptically. The author (Cornelissen) takes occasion to call attention to the notably higher temperature which prevails westward of a line drawn from the southern point of Ireland southward. A decided difference is shown between the cool waters washing the Spanish and African coasts and the Azores, and the warmer waters lying to the westward.

Among recent discoveries of valuable minerals in Australia is that of iron, in the form of magnetic iron and brown hematite, at Wallerawang, Victoria, in close proximity to limestone, fire-clay, coal, and a railway station.

Mr. Dall, of whose movements as a surveyor and explorer in the Aleutian Islands in behalf of the Coast Survey we have advised our readers from time to time, returned on the 8th of November to San Francisco, where he will spend the winter in preparing his report to Professor Peirce. Part of his labors had special reference to the selection of a suitable locality for an intermediate land station for the proposed Pacific cable between the United States and Japan. Mr. Dall expects to return in the spring to finish his explorations on the islands.

The Australian tree *Eucalyptus globulus* (and perhaps other species of this genus) is attracting much attention at the present time from its properties as a sanitary agent, certain French writers insisting that where it is planted it effectually dissipates all tendency to intermittent fever in its vicinity. The tree grows with incredible rapidity, and is said to take up from the soil ten times its own weight of water in twenty-four hours, at the same time emitting antiseptic camphoreted vapors. By the first of these properties it dries up marshy lands, and by its emanations tends to counteract the noxious elements which would otherwise poison the atmosphere.

According to Dr. Gimbert, the first essays with this tree were made on the Cape of Good Hope, where, in two or three years, a very marked change in the public health was appreciable. In Algiers it is said that quite a number of settlements that had been notoriously unhealthy before its introduction became entirely changed in this respect.

Among recent discoveries in Turkestan is that of a new species of the sturgeon family, belonging to the genus *Scaphirhynchus*, and has been named by Professor Kessler *S. fedtschenkoi*. This genus is best represented by an American species belonging to the Mississippi River and its tributaries, and one much sought after for foreign museums.

The *Journal of the Society of Arts* contains an obituary notice of Dr. Crace Calvert, an eminent English chemist. The illness which resulted in his death was contracted at Vienna, where he had gone to act as a juror in the International Exhibition. His early education was carried on in France, and for a time he was an assistant at the Gobelin works, under Chevreul. After his return to England he delivered a series of lectures upon the principles of chemistry, as advised or adopted by Chevreul, for the purpose of showing their application in the arrangement of colored fabrics in the exposition of 1851. In 1846 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Institution, at Manchester; and in connection with the Manchester Sanitary Association he carried on an extensive series of original investigations, one of which led to his securing a patent for the preparation of carbolic acid. Another patent was obtained for a process of desulphurizing coke by means of chloride of lime. Calvert's carbolic acid has long been known in this country as the most reliable and satisfactory preparation procurable, and was probably the source of considerable emolument to him. His death took place at Manchester on the 24th of October.

A commission named by the Minister of War in France to inquire into the subject of the employment of carrier-pigeons in war has recommended the establishment of two pigeon-houses in the Garden of Acclimatation, each to contain 2000 birds. The Russian and Italian governments have already commenced such establishments, and some extensive ones have been completed in Prussia. The English are contemplating a similar enterprise.

According to *Land and Water*, the importation of cured and salted fish into England up to the 8th of November, 1873, amounted in value to £479,891, as against £376,636 for the same period in 1872.

Among the most successful of recent explorations in Australasia is that of Señor L. A. D'Albertis in the interior of New Guinea. From an account lately published in the Sydney *Herald*, and quoted in *Nature*, we learn that, during a period of twelve months' residence, he obtained a very large number of specimens of rare birds-of-paradise, and other objects, including mammals, insects, etc. Of the mammals there are one or two new to science, and possibly one new bird-of-paradise.

It may be remembered that among the notable results of the siege of Paris by the Germans was the injury done to the garden of the Society of Acclimatation in the Bois de Boulogne, most of the animals contained therein having been killed, either as food for the people or as absorbing too much of what was necessary for the sustenance of the community. After the return of peace a subvention of $36,000, payable in three years, was made by the Municipal Council of Paris to the society, and this timely contribution, administered with judgment by M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, the director of the establishment, has resulted very satisfactorily. On the 1st of January, 1872, the buildings contained 121 mammals, 853 birds, 94 cocks and hens, and 138 ducks and geese, or a total of 1206, valued at $9060. A year later, on the 1st of January, 1873, the collection embraced 510 mammals, 3217 birds, 503 cocks and hens, and 1916 ducks and geese, or a total of 6146, valued at $31,672.

According to a report on the statistics of Egypt we learn that in 1872 the maritime fisheries of six coast districts of that country employed 3761 men in 814 boats. In one district 15,000 quintals of fish were taken. The total value was about $250,000. The statistics of the fresh-water fisheries are too incomplete to admit of a summation, although the entire value was much less than that just given.

According to a list of prices for eggs and young fish at the establishment of Mr. Parnaby, in Keswick, England, the securing American fish for breeding ponds is something of a luxury. The charges there indicated for the eggs of brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), the American salmon trout (*Salmo trutta*), and the white-fish (*Coregonus albus*) are twenty-five pounds sterling per thousand, while for the fry of the trout and salmon-trout thirty pounds sterling are charged, and those of the white-fish are at the rate of one hundred pounds per thousand. The eggs of the British trout are two pounds ten shillings per thousand, and the young are three pounds. Even such prices as those last mentioned would be very acceptable to American fish-culturists if they could obtain them.

According to the Gloucester *Telegraph*, the recent enterprise on the part of the indefatigable Gloucester fishermen, having for its object the capture of halibut on the coast of Iceland, has not proved so successful as was hoped for, although they are entitled to much credit for their activity in thus seeking out new fields of labor. It is well known that the halibut fishery on the Georges (the celebrated banks east of Cape Cod) is almost exclusively in the hands of Gloucester men, and the dangers of the locality are aptly indicated by its being denominated the "Gloucester Grave-Yard," on account of the annual loss of life and property.

The trade in Newfoundland and Magdalen Islands herring and mackerel is also almost entirely carried on by the inhabitants of Gloucester. It is even stated that, a few years ago, it was proposed to fit out a fleet there for mackerel fishing on the coast of Norway and Sweden; but nothing came of it.

In 1870 Captain John H. M'Quinn fitted out the schooner *Caleb Easton*, of Boston, for a summer trip to the coast of Greenland, in pursuit of halibut. He made a successful voyage, arriving home in October, and bringing with him 176,300 pounds of fletched halibut, 183 barrels of fins, and several barrels of salmon, the whole venture amounting to about $20,000. The success of this enterprise induced the fitting out of six vessels in the summer of 1871; but the result was not as satisfactory as that of the previous year. In 1872, however, six vessels were again dispatched to that coast, and brought in over 7000 quintals of fish. We are informed that the business has been resumed the present year by four vessels.

Encouraged by his success in the Greenland trip, Captain M'Quinn started out in the schooner *Membrino Chief* on the 23d of May, 1873, for the coast of Iceland, but unfortunately did not meet with the success which the boldness of the venture deserved. The fishing grounds were reached on the 9th of June; and after remaining five or six weeks, and visiting various harbors, the result was so unsatisfactory that, on the 11th of July, the vessel sailed for home, reaching Gloucester on the 6th of August. The principal difficulty lay in the fact of the roughness of the coast, rather, perhaps, than in the scarcity of the fish; the season, also, being exceptionally unfavorable. It is said, however, that there are two schools of fish which frequent the coast of Iceland, one arriving in April and the other in September, the visit of the *Membrino Chief* having fallen in the interval. It is quite possible that, should a renewed effort prove that halibut can not be taken to advantage, our fishermen may devote themselves to the capture of the cod, which occur there in great abundance, and are taken very largely by the French fishermen. The vessels employed for this purpose are of large size, and generally make two trips in a season. The fishing is done principally by hand lines.

The capture of sharks occupies a prominent part in the fisheries of the coast of Iceland, and is generally followed by the natives in fishing boats, and by small vessels from Denmark; the object being especially the securing of the livers, no account being made of the rest of the animal.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

When the violent resolutions against the common-school system which we noticed a few weeks since were adopted by a Roman Catholic association in St. Louis, the Hon. A. M. Kelley, Mayor of Richmond, interposed a moderate plea in its behalf. He subsequently elaborated his views in the *Independent*. Speaking for "thousands of his fellow-Catholics," he declares that "the imparting of sound, useful, and exclusively secular knowledge by teachers of suitable acquirements, skill, and character, chosen immediately by the people, and paid for out of the public treasury, is, under the conditions prevailing in the United States, a wise, beneficent, and just system, and impugns no right of conscience."

Such reasonable sentiments are not to be tolerated in the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, and the *Catholic Review* tells Mayor Kelley so very plainly. It quotes against him the passage of the Syllabus of Pius IX. which denounces state education, and adds to this the decree of the National Council of the Church held in Baltimore, to wit: "Daily experience has more than proved how great are the evils, and how inherent the dangers which generally beset the Catholic youth who frequent the public schools of this country." Finally the *Review* completely extinguishes the Mayor by telling him that, holding the principles he does, "he would not receive absolution from any Catholic bishop in the country." Is it to be understood, then, that "the thousands of Catholics" whom Mayor Kelley represents must either join in the crusade against the public schools or be denied the sacraments?

The attitude of Plymouth Church (Mr. Beecher's) came up before the congregations of Dr. Storrs and Dr. Budington on Friday evening, December 12. The refusal of the Plymouth Church to unite in the calling of a General Council, unless under a condition specified, was reported. After some conversation, each of the two churches adopted the following resolution:

> "*Resolved*, That the committee heretofore appointed by this church be instructed, in replying to the note lately received from the Plymouth Church, to call their special attention to this resolution, and on our behalf to represent to them, kindly but earnestly, our views of its natural and necessary effect, if it be maintained by them, in separating us from the mutually responsible and public fellowship with that church in which we heretofore have pleasantly stood."

Dr. Budington expressed the opinion that if Plymouth Church maintained its position, it would bear no more relation to the Congregational body than to the Baptist or any other denomination.

On the 14th of December the Rev. Charles Edward Cheney was consecrated in the city of Chicago a bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church. A very large audience witnessed the consecration service, which was performed by Bishop Cummins, assisted by several presbyters. In his sermon Bishop Cummins maintained that ordination did not convey grace, but only conferred authority on an officer previously elected. Instead of saying "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop," etc., the words "Take thou authority," etc., were used in the service of consecration.

The Rev. Dr. Duryea has declined the call to succeed Dr. William Adams in the pastoral charge of Madison Square Presbyterian Church. The reluctance of Brooklyn to give him up was manifested by the remonstrances of Drs. Budington, Storrs, Scudder, Talmage, and Beecher against his leaving that city. The departure of Dr. Duryea, it was said, would be a public loss.

The statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1873 have appeared in summary form in the *Christian Advocate* of this city.

They show the following:

Bishops	14
Annual Conferences	76
Itinerant ministers	10,571
Local preachers	12,261
Total preachers and bishops	22,846
Lay members	1,288,704
Probationers	175,323
Total members and probationers	1,464,027
Deaths during the year	18,900
Church edifices	14,499
Value of church edifices	$66,332,580
Parsonages	4,677
Value of parsonages	$8,542,554
Total value of churches and parsonages	$74,875,134
Sunday-schools	18,031
Sunday-school officers and teachers	197,180
Sunday-school scholars	1,318,603
Conference collections	$1,065,339

Comparing with last year, this table exhibits an increase of members amounting to 16,208, and of 490 church edifices, making one church and a half for every working day of the year.

An odd incident occurred in the chapel of the University of Glasgow, a few weeks since, while Dr. Caird was preaching. Mr. Disraeli was present as rector of the university, as also a very large audience. "The light in the chapel was very bad, in consequence of the dullness of the weather. The preacher had quoted the dying words of Goethe, 'Light! more light!' and in an eloquent apostrophe he was saying, 'Give us light, or we die.' In the very middle of this sentence the gas, which had been kept low at the beginning of the service, suddenly blazed forth in full splendor, the church officer having at once turned it on. Dr. Caird looked a little disconcerted, and the circumstance provoked a suppressed titter from the audience."

Some trouble has broken out in Robert College, near Constantinople. It has been accused of proselyting its students to Protestantism, and a number of parents have demanded that all religious teaching should cease. As this demand could not be complied with, some twenty or thirty students left. The opposition appears to be inspired by the clergy of the Armenian Church.

The King of Bavaria knows how to do a polite thing, as well as to stand by an old friend. On the day of the professorial jubilee of Dr. Döllinger he sent the venerable professor the following letter:

> "My dear Councilor of State, Dr. Von Döllinger,—To-morrow you will have attained the close of a professional activity of fifty years. To few is it permitted to look back on such a long course of scientific pursuits, and seldom indeed is such a course attended by such great success as yours. Bavaria shares the fame which adorns your name, and rejoices in your jubilee day. With his whole heart your King wishes you all blessing. Accept, dear Dr. Von Döllinger, in the acknowledgment of the great productions of your creative genius, the renewed assurance of my especial good wishes, with which I am, in the highest esteem, your King, Ludwig.
>
> "Hohenschwangau, *November* 12, 1873."

An American traveler in Roumania gives a discouraging account of the condition of the Jews there. He states that they "are burdened with numerous taxes and contributions, and, although they are not even regarded as aliens, still they are compelled to perform military duty without any chances of advancement from the lowest ranks. In fact, although every duty and obligation resting upon the citizens of the country is also imposed upon the Israelites, they are nevertheless deprived of the protection of the law. With the exception of the medical profession, it is useless for them to engage in any studies with the view of earning thereby a livelihood there; in short, they are looked upon with contempt and disdain similar to the pariahs of India."

Efforts are still making to bring as many as practicable of the Roumanian Jews to America.

The Infallibilists do not succeed well in the courts of Germany. An English correspondent says that "the Archbishop of Cologne and his coadjutor, Bishop Baudri, have lost the day in the trial brought against them by the Old Catholics. The charge made was of insult and slander against the Old Catholics of Cologne and Bonn, and of damaging the character and position of four Old Catholic priests, through the decree of excommunication against the latter, published in the *Church Gazette* of the diocese, of which paper Dr. Baudri is the editor. Two chief words in the notice were relied upon to prove the charge, viz., 'sacrilegium' as applied to the services of the priests, and 'usurpare' as applied to the acts of the Old Catholics. The court held that the charge of insulting the Old Catholic religion was sustained, the accusation of slander being not proven; also, that the open publication and wording of the sentence of excommunication was a libel upon the priests. Sentence was therefore pronounced, condemning the archbishop to a fine of fifty thalers, or fourteen days' imprisonment, and the bishop to twenty-five thalers, or eight days."

The annual Minutes of the Congregational Societies of Massachusetts have appeared rather late in the year. They report the number of churches in the State to be 507, an increase of four over 1872, and of eighteen over ten years ago. Of the whole number 307 have pastors, 127 acting pastors, and 73 are vacant. There are in the State 616 Congregational ministers; of these 316 are pastors, 127 acting pastors, and 173 are without regular pastoral work. The number of members is 81,464, of whom fully two-thirds are women. The net gain of members, after deducting all losses, is 1449. The reported benevolent contributions amounted to $436,359. Dr. Quint, of New Bedford, adds this note to the vital statistics of the ministry in the State: "It will be noticed that the average age of the 142 dying in the last ten years was three years and three months greater than that of the 101 dying in the next previous ten years; that the average *ministerial* age also increased by seven years one month and nine days, and the average *age at ordination* decreased by three years and ten months. Whether these changes are permanent or not it would take a wide range of years and persons to decide."

Dr. Reinkens has been acknowledged as bishop by the government of Baden, and has taken the oath to the Grand Duke at Carlsruhe.

The *Daily Telegraph* of London has published a valuable paper, said to be drawn from official sources, on the rise, progress, and present condition of the Established Church of Scotland. There are in the Church 924 parishes, whose ministers receive support from the funds, of which the average income is £300, making in all £277,000. No living is less than £150. There are also 181 parishes for which endowments have been provided by voluntary contributions to the amount of £500,000. These stipends amount to £21,720, and are supplemented by the congregations to the extent of £23,530, making a total of £45,250. The benevolent contributions of the Church are estimated at £300,000, and the total of revenue of all kinds at £662,000. The Church has six committees charged with the duty of collecting and disbursing its benevolent contributions. These are the Home Mission, the Colonial Mission, the Foreign or India Mission, the Jewish, the Endowment, and the Education committees.

The active efforts making for the education of the native women of India in their own homes have grown into quite a system. The *Friend of India* reports that in and around Calcutta at least fifteen hundred are receiving instruction in this way. "They belong almost entirely to the middle class, being the wives, widows, and children of men who have been educated in the government and missionary colleges. Each lady pupil pays on an average a rupee a month for Bengalee and two rupees for English instruction. The government grant is regulated by the number of pupils. In the year ending March, 1872, the Bengal government paid 1242 rupees a month for 1416 pupils in acknowledgment of local contributions to the amount of 2092 rupees." The *Friend of India* estimates that for the past ten years at least 2500 women have been constantly under instruction at their homes.

The Roman correspondent of the *Catholic Review* adds something to the accounts already received of the disposition which is to be made of the contents of the suppressed Jesuit houses in that city. He states: "The museums belonging to the company are to be immediately confiscated, and their treasures distributed in other museums, but they say the Emperor of Austria claims part of the library as his private property, as it was the gift of an Austrian princess to the fathers on the condition that in case the company were suppressed it should return to the house of Hapsburg. The famous museum created by Father Kircher, which is one of the most interesting in Rome, will go with the rest, and popular rumor has it that its curiosities will be sold at auction. It contains the largest collection of ancient coins in the world. Father Secchi retains for the time being possession of the observatory, but it is feared that it will be destroyed, because, as the private property of the Pope, it can not be expropriated. As to the Gesu, it remains a parish church, but will be henceforth served by secular priests."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The long "spell" of mild weather that December brought, instead of the usual fierce blasts and bitter cold of early winter, was a blessing to the poor and destitute of New York. For a couple of weeks they were pretty comfortable without much coal, and their scanty garments were a moderate protection from the weather. But mild days seldom last long at this season in this latitude. Thousands of men and women are almost destitute of work, and consequently lack food and fuel, and clothing sufficient to make themselves and their families comfortable. The fact is well known. The avenues through which charity may be most wisely dispensed are well known. Connected with Sabbath-schools and mission-schools, with homes and hospitals, and societies of various names, are thousands of worthy people whom the exigencies of the present season have reduced to the most dire poverty. A good Christmas dinner is not to be thought of; shoes and stockings and warm clothing are wholly unattainable by hundreds of little children who shiver in their rags, with pale, pinched faces, showing their half-starved condition. Those who are blessed with a comfortable supply of the necessaries of life may easily brighten their own Christmas and that of others by judiciously dispensing some of God's good gifts among the needy. In general there is no lack of generous intention and disposition on the part of those to whom abundance has been given. But too often, amidst the household festivities of the Christmas holidays, the destitute children of poverty are forgotten. There is need for wise charity; for immediate relief to the suffering; for sympathy and kindly guidance to those who are disheartened and ready to yield to temptation or to despair; for a helpful hand stretched out to those who have fallen under the press of their difficulties. If the Christmas of 1873 is full of warm-hearted, open-handed benevolence, how many sad and sorrow-bearing hearts may be made glad—and not those alone; for it is "more blessed to give than to receive." The reflex influence of good deeds is not sufficiently regarded.

During the trial of Bazaine his eldest child, Achille, a fine little fellow of five years old, has, with the express permission of the authorities, shared his father's captivity. The child has a great admiration for every thing that is military, and the rooms of the marshal in the Trianon were littered with toy drums, helmets, and cannon. Achille slept in his father's room, and was looked after by an old soldier who has been thirty years in Bazaine's service, and by his own desire was drilled regularly three times a day by a sergeant who went there for that purpose.

Two stuffed Russian bears have been presented to the Sultan by the Grand Duke Nicholas, as souvenirs of his visit to Constantinople. One of these was killed by the Grand Duke's own hand, as an inscription states. It is a magnificent jet black beast of towering height, and stands erect, clutching the trunk of a tree, the branches of which are made to serve for a candelabrum. The other bear, which is a brown one, holds a plate between his paws. The Grand Duke has intimated his intention of presenting the Sultan also with some fine trotting horses.

Four wars have cost the English government within the last fifteen years upward of £16,000,000 sterling. The Persian expedition cost £900,000. The outlay on the Chinese war amounted to £6,114,000. Then the New Zealand war, which did not extend beyond the year 1866, was covered by £765,000; and the Abyssynian war entailed the expenditure of £8,000,000 or £9,000,000. Now it is estimated that the Ashantee war will cost about £4,000,000.

According to the report of the judges at the Vienna Exposition, England has lost her superiority in gun-making, which was accorded to her at the Paris Exhibition. Germany and Russia, it is said, both surpass her in calibre and strength, as also in using steel entirely, without admixture of iron hoops or rings.

The *Three Brothers*, said to be the largest sailing vessel in the world, recently sailed from San Francisco with a large cargo of wheat for Europe. Her tonnage is 3187. Her mainmast measures ninety-nine feet, and other measurements in proportion.

The aggregate number of books now in the library of Congress is 258,752 volumes, besides 50,000 pamphlets. During the year ending with December 1 about 12,400 volumes have been added to the collection. The rapid growth of the library renders the necessity for a new building imperative. Congress has authorized the preparation of plans for a new building, although the location of it is not yet selected.

A strange and terrible tale is told of the ship *Eden*, bound from London to Valparaiso, freighted with gunpowder, matches, and a general cargo. When in mid-ocean the captain showed symptoms of insanity, and one night the crew were aroused by strange noises, and found him on deck threatening with loaded pistol to shoot the watch. He was soothed by the sailors, and went to his cabin, promising to make no further disturbance. Soon, however, there was another alarm. The mad captain had set fire to his cabin, and the gunpowder was in the hold. All efforts to reach it were in vain, and a terrible conflict with the captain ensued. When it was found impossible to save the ship, the men got into the boat themselves, and implored the raving captain, who was using violently every weapon he could lay hands on, to join them. He refused, and for a moment the crew resolved to leave him to his fate; but second thoughts led them to renew their efforts, and they got him into the boat, and were at a safe distance when the *Eden* blew up. They fell in with another vessel, and were taken on board, but the unfortunate captain, whom it had been necessary to put in irons, succeeded in getting loose, jumped overboard, and was drowned.

In reading the details of the circumstances pertaining to the rescue of many of those saved from the wreck of the *Ville du Havre* it is noticeable that almost every one floated on timber for nearly an hour before being picked up by the boats. A few swam without support for a long time, and were then rescued.

Some time ago an Irish lad, O'Connor by name, attempted with a broken and unloaded pistol to frighten Queen Victoria into signing a pardon for the Fenian prisoners. At the trial the defense of insanity was set up unsuccessfully, and he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment with hard labor and twenty-five lashes with the cat. It is said that the sentence was not carried out, that he never was subjected to hard labor, that he did not receive any flogging, that the term of his imprisonment was reduced from twelve to eight months, and that at the end of that time he received an outfit from government and went out to Australia. Various reasons are assigned for this clemency, the principal being that her Majesty took a kind interest in the boy, and that he gave evidence of insanity after he was sent to Clerkenwell. However, he is now in Australia, and has recently sent some letters in verse to the Queen. He does not make his living by means of poetry, however, but is a clerk in some merchant's office.

Editors would be saved a world of trouble and vexation if all contributors, or those who desire to become contributors, understood how to prepare manuscript designed for the press. The following rhyming advice is so excellent that we quote the whole of it, for the benefit of whomsoever it may concern:

> "Write upon pages of a single size,
> Cross all your t's, and neatly dot your i's;
> On one side only let your lines be seen—
> Both sides filled up announce a Verdant Green.
> Correct—yes, recorrect—all that you write,
> And let your ink be black, your paper white;
> For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue
> Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
> Punctuate carefully, for on this score
> Nothing proclaims the practiced writer more.
> Then send it off, and, lest it merit lack,
> Inclose the postage stamps to send it back;
> But first pay all the postage on it too,
> For editors look black on 'six cents due,'
> And murmur, as they run the effusion o'er,
> 'A shabby fellow and a wretched bore!'
> Yet ere it goes, take off a copy clean—
> Poets should own a copying machine;
> Little they know the time that's spent and care
> In hunting verses vanished—who knows where?
> Bear this in mind, observe it to the end,
> And you shall make the editor your friend."

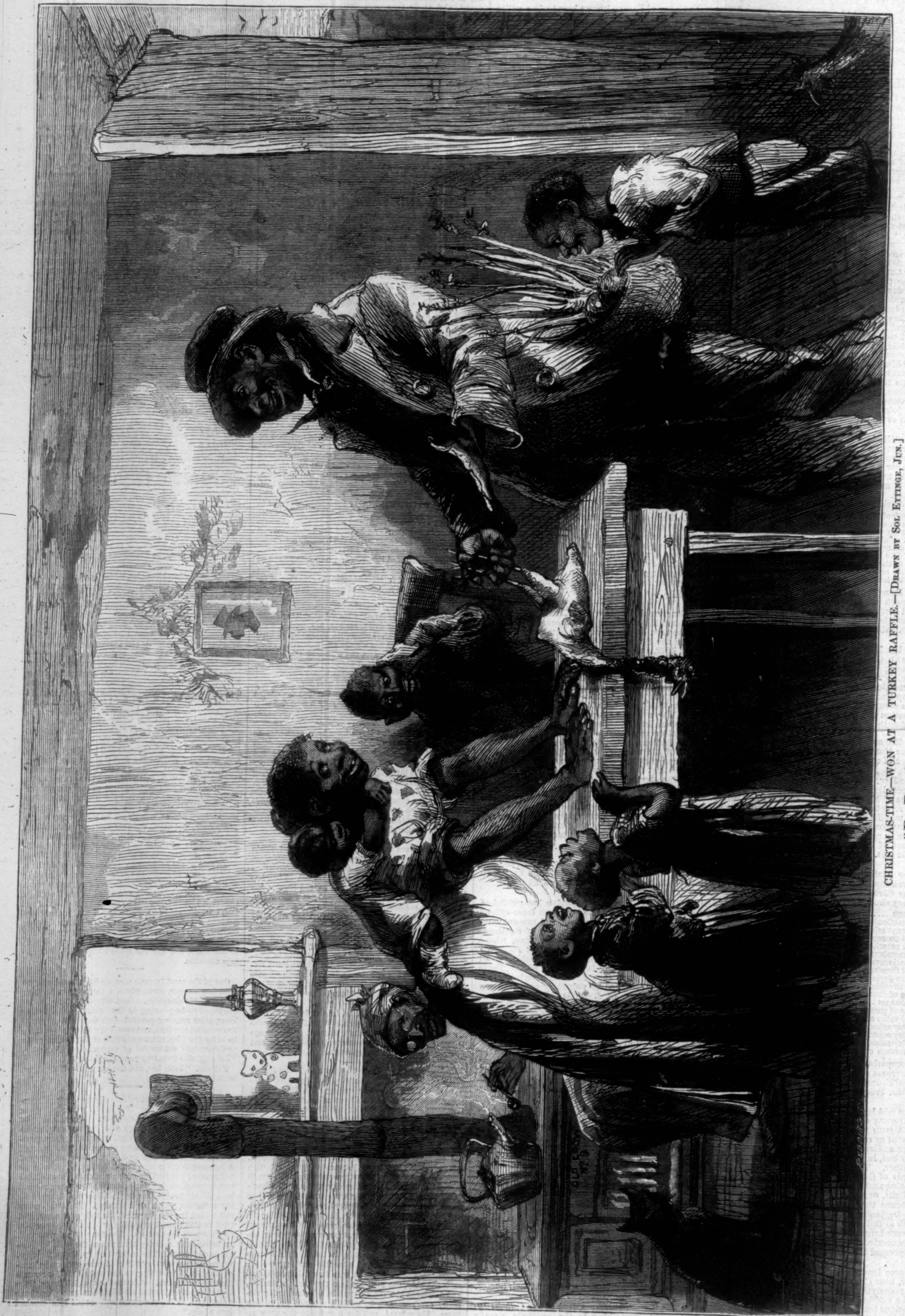
The New National Theatre, which has been recently opened to the Washington public, is capable of seating 1970 persons. It is finished in good taste, pleasantly and comfortably furnished, well warmed and lighted.

It would naturally seem that the life of a soldier would present very small attractions for any woman; that the fatigue, exposure, and constant danger of wounds and death would deter her from any wish for such a profession. Yet there are apparently a few women to whom the excitements of such a life are not distasteful, but who really enjoy serving in the ranks. Andalicia Bravo has twice served in the Carlist ranks in Spain. On the first occasion she, with other soldiers, was taken prisoner while fighting against the government troops, and was sentenced to be banished to the Canary Islands. But banishment was not in the *rôle* which Andalicia Bravo had laid down for herself, and she disclosed the fact that she was "only a woman." However, as soon as she was free she again donned male attire, and enlisted in another Carlist battalion. The penetrating glance of the priest of her native village found her out the second time. The curé, passing through a town where Andalicia's regiment was quartered, was struck by her likeness to one of his flock, and asked whether she was not Andalicia Bravo. "No," answered she, "I am her brother." But inquiries instituted by the dissatisfied curé resulted in the confirmation of his suspicions. Don Carlos, when told of the occurrence, presented the girl with a military cross of merit, but ordered that she should be sent to the military hospital in Durango, to become a nurse there. When he visited this hospital Andalicia implored him to allow her to rejoin her regiment, and Don Carlos is said to have promised that when he organized a battalion of women he would make her colonel. She replied, "That will never happen." The confinement and work of the hospital are very trying to Andalicia, and she has made various efforts to obtain a release.

One of the most laconic men we have heard of is an Aberdeen farmer, upon whom a young man, wishing to marry his daughter, called one day. The farmer happened to be plowing in the field. The hesitating lover, after running parallel with the furrow several times round the field, and essaying with all his courage to utter the important question, at last forced out a prefatory half volumeful of sentences, ending with, "I should like to marry your daughter."

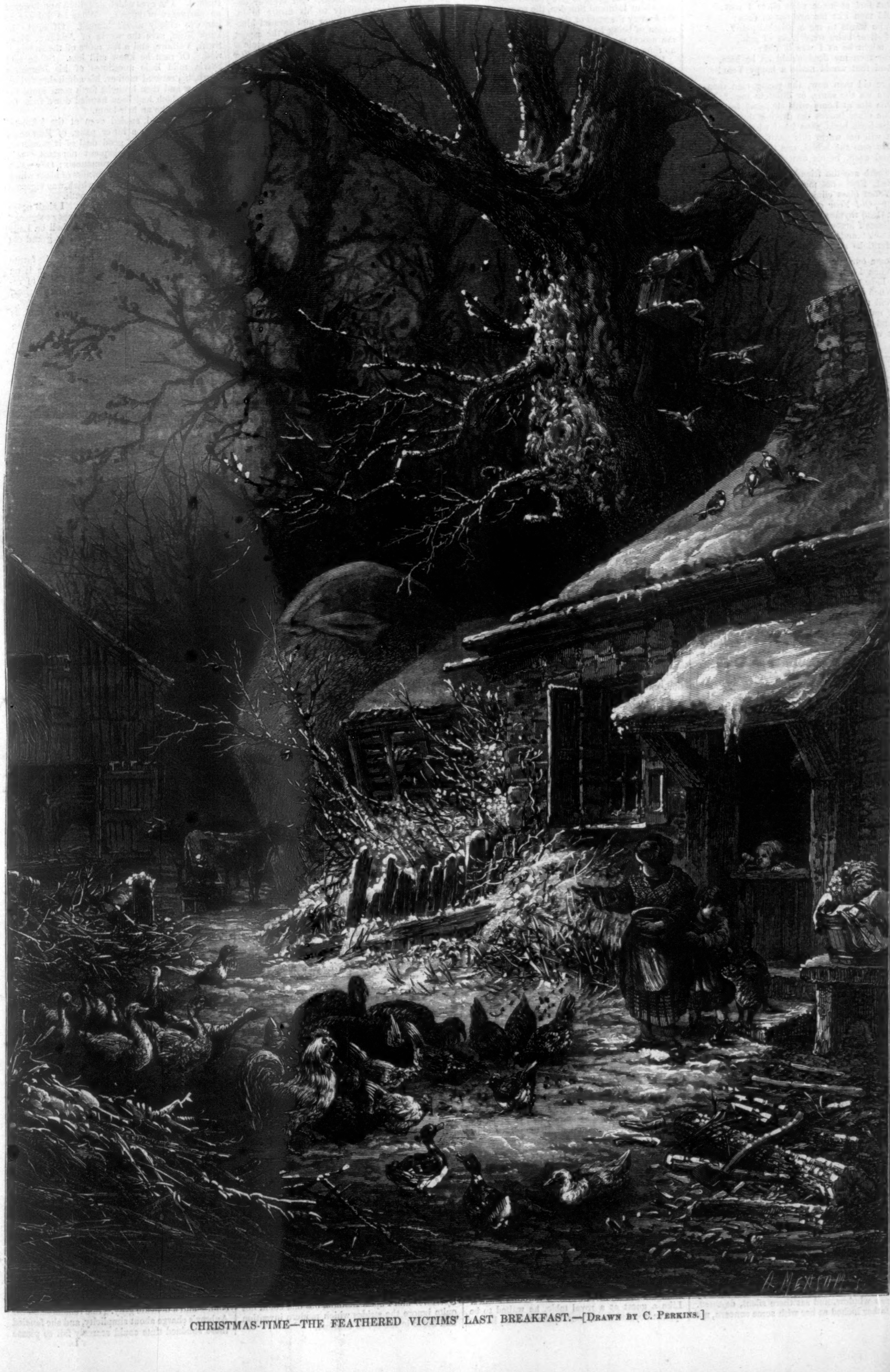
Farmer. "Take her, and use her well.—Whoa, haw, buck!"

Victor Hugo has been criticised severely for his terrific description of the "Devil-fish," many believing that the creature existed chiefly in the imagination of the writer. But it appears that the monster has an actual existence, and is a dangerous thing to encounter. A gentleman of Boston gives a thrilling account of one which was captured off the coast of Florida. A submarine diver was seized by the fish just as he had reached the surface of the water—a circumstance which was fortunate, for otherwise the monster must have killed him. As it was, the diver was dragged on the raft from which he descended. The men on the raft seized the fish by one of its wriggling arms, and tried to pull it off, but could not break the power of a single one of the suckers. The fish was only removed by being dealt a heavy blow across the sack containing the stomach. The sack stood up above the eyes, while the eyes stood out like lobsters' eyes and gleamed like fire. According to the story, the diver was a powerful Irishman, but, to use his own language, "the baste landed on top of me shoulders and pinned me arms tight. I felt me armor and meself bein' crushed into a jelly."



CHRISTMAS-TIME—WON AT A TURKEY RAFFLE.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

"De Breed am Small, but de Flavor am Delicious."



CHRISTMAS-TIME—THE FEATHERED VICTIMS' LAST BREAKFAST.—[Drawn by C. Perkins.]

AN OLD MAN'S NEW-YEAR'S SONG.

I WILL not stir abroad to-day,
But find at home what cheer I may.
Old men like me are out of date:
Who wants to see a grizzled pate?
If silver hairs were locks of gold,
I might be as I was of old;
For then my dead would all be here,
And that would make a happy Year!

The old man now, the young man then—
Are we the same, or different men?
One sits at home with slippered feet;
The other braves the driving sleet:
His light heart suns itself with wine—
It will not warm this heart of mine:
One sees the bridal, one the bier,
And each, in his own way, the Year.

Where are the friends I used to know—
Ned, Fred—not many years ago,
Whose glass clinked mine amid the din
Of—*Old Year out and New Year in?*
"Dead rhymes with Ned," the Master said—
Himself among the Masters dead:
Alack! and drear, and fear, and tear—
Methinks all sad words rhyme with Year!

Some one, perhaps, will care for me
When I no longer hear or see.
I hope my little man of ten,
When he shall take my place with men,
Will think about me in the grave—
If only for the gifts I gave—
And say, "If father was but here,
It would be such a happy Year!"

Peace, old man, peace! and cease this song,
Which does the merry season wrong.
You have the sweetness of regret—
The friendships you remember yet;
You have what time will not destroy—
The love of your remembering boy:
These surely are enough to cheer
The morning of the saddest Year.

R. H. STODDARD.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE THRESHOLD OF FATE.

THE dinner at Perriam Place was a very quiet business. Mr. Carew and his daughter found the drawing-room empty of human life when they entered it a few moments before seven. That vast apartment, with its massive but somewhat scanty furniture, had a melancholy look in the evening light. The size and grandeur of the room seemed to cry aloud for people to inhabit it. Mr. Carew, who, like all self-indulgent people, was easily affected by external influences, gave a faint shudder as his gaze wandered round the spacious, lofty saloon.

"A fine room," he said; "but it looks rather dismal." Sylvia looked about her curiously. She was glad of the opportunity to examine these splendors. On her previous visit it had been first dusk, and then but dimly lighted by solitary lamps and candles, and the two gentlemen had been present. Any inspection of the apartment had been therefore impossible. To-day she was able to take a deliberate survey—and to-day she contemplated the room with a new feeling. A month hence it would be her very own. She walked up and down the stately chamber slowly, looking at the tall china jars, the wire-guarded book-cases, the massive sofas, the bare tables.

"What curious foreign-looking curtains!" she exclaimed, examining the Oriental embroidery. "But they are a good deal faded. I think I shall persuade Sir Aubrey to have new ones—amber satin would be the thing for this room."

"I hope you will find Sir Aubrey compliant enough to oblige you," answered her father, remembering that interview of last night, in which the baronet had appeared to him by no means pliant.

"Oh, I am not afraid of that," returned Sylvia, smiling at her own image in the tall narrow glass between the windows. "And when I am Lady Perriam"—she never said "When I am married, but always "when I am Lady Perriam"—"I shall give plenty of parties, and this room will look as it ought to look. It's a superb room for parties, isn't it, papa?"

"No doubt. But I don't fancy Sir Aubrey is a party-giving man. People have talked a good deal about his keeping himself shut up here and hardly seeing any body."

"How can you be so stupid, papa? Of course as a bachelor Sir Aubrey would care very little for company. But it will be different when he is married. Do you suppose I mean to be buried alive when I am Lady Perriam? It would be much better for me to marry Edmund, if there were any chance of that."

"Of course not, my love," replied her father, hastily. "Pray don't talk of young Standen. It is treason against Sir Aubrey to remember his insignificant existence."

Sylvia sighed. The mere mention of her first lover's name brought a flood of sad memories—memories that were sweet as well as sad. She thought of the summer evenings they had spent together a little while ago. A little while! It seemed now as if she were divided from that too recent past by the space of half a lifetime.

"I feel ten years older since I accepted Sir Aubrey," she thought, with another sigh.

The inspection of the saloon had no further charm for her. She flung herself into a chair by an open window, and sat there silent, dejected. Her father looked at her with some concern, not for his daughter's feelings, but for his own chances of that promised hundred per annum.

"If you are going to give yourself sentimental airs about Edmund Standen, the sooner you tell Sir Aubrey the state of the case, and give up the notion of being Lady Perriam, the better," said the school-master, sternly. He felt that it was no time for soft pleading.

Before Sylvia could answer him the door opened, and Sir Aubrey came in, followed by his land steward.

The baronet crossed the room to greet his betrothed. Mr. Bain walked toward the empty fire-place, at which Mr. Carew had taken his stand.

"My dear Sylvia, I owe you a hundred apologies," said the baronet, after pressing the little hand which was somewhat coldly offered to him. "I have been detained talking to Bain, my lawyer and agent; but as our conversation concerned your future interests, I hope you will forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive, Sir Aubrey," answered Sylvia; and then, in a lower voice, she added, "I have to thank you for your kindness in giving papa the money for my trousseau. I know it is not customary; but we are such paupers—and I can not refuse your gift."

Tears, the tears of wounded pride, were in her eyes as she spoke. She had heard so much about trousseaux from Mary Peter, and she knew that it was always the bride's father who provided his daughter's outfit. Hers seemed almost the gift of charity.

"My dearest, pray do not mention such a trifle. I hope you had a pleasant drive here."

"Very pleasant. How thoughtful it was of you to send the carriage."

"It will be your own carriage very soon, to order whenever you like."

That was a consoling thought. Those proud tears were quickly dried.

It would be very nice to spend Sir Aubrey's hundred pounds too, although it had been a somewhat humiliating business to accept it. Sylvia meant to devote the next day to shopping. What delight to walk into Ganzlein's and feel that she could buy whatever she pleased, for she could not imagine her fancies soaring beyond the limits of a hundred pounds.

"By-the-bye," said Sir Aubrey, when they had talked a little about the weather, and about Perriam, which the baronet liked to hear praised, "I must introduce my agent, Mr. Bain. A very useful and estimable person. He takes the entire management of my estate, takes all trouble off my hands, so that I have nothing to do except receive my rents. Come here, Bain; I want to present you to Miss Carew."

Mr. Bain obeyed the summons. He had seen the slim white-robed figure from a distance, and his keen eye had taken in every detail of that graceful form. But Sylvia's face had been turned away from him, and he saw it now for the first time in the clear soft light of the summer evening.

He bowed, murmured something indistinct about the honor he derived from the introduction, and then stood silently awaiting his patron's next address. He looked at Sylvia, but that steadfast straightforward look of his told nothing of the man's thoughts.

He was thinking that this girl was lovely enough to bewitch a wiser man than Sir Aubrey Perriam; thinking even that he, Shadrach Bain, had never seen real beauty until to-night; that all the pretty young women it had been his advantage to behold at divers periods of his existence had been but as images of clay compared to this perfect and delicate porcelain. This pale, blossom-like loveliness was a style of beauty he had never met with. Those deeply lustrous hazel eyes were as strange to him as the flora in some newly discovered island in the vast Pacific is strange to the botanist.

But Shadrach Bain was not a man to be deeply moved by beauty, however unfamiliar. He wondered and he admired, but no flutter of his strong heart paid tribute to Sylvia's power to charm. Had she been his own daughter he could hardly have contemplated her with a more calmly critical eye.

He was, however, essentially a practical man—a man who looked at every body from one point of view, and measured every thing by one standard. That standard was self-interest. In his prolonged meditations he had made up his mind that Sylvia must come into the scheme of his life. She might be fit or unfit to fill that square in the geometrical plan of his destiny which he intended her to fill, but if unfit, she must be made fit. Upon that point Mr. Bain had no doubt.

Mr. Perriam shuffled into the room presently in his old-fashioned dress-coat, and short black trowsers of antique cut, and white stockings, and ancient shoes with loosely tied ribbons, looking like an elderly copy of his brother indifferently executed. It was a singular evidence of the unwholesomeness of a sedentary and secluded life that Mordred Perriam looked ten years older than his older and more active brother.

The butler announced dinner, and they went to the dining-room, Sylvia on Sir Aubrey's arm, Mordred and Mr. Carew side by side, talking of books—or, rather, Mordred talking, and the school-master pretending to be interested—Shadrach Bain stalking behind them, silent and alone. The butler planted them out at the long table far apart, like young trees on a new estate, so remote from one another that conversation had a forced air. It was like hailing to somebody on the opposite side of a street. Sylvia sat next Sir Aubrey, and as the dinner proceeded he contrived to draw his chair a little nearer hers, so that their talk should be unheard by the rest. Mr. Bain ate his dinner in almost absolute silence. Like a guest at a royal table, he waited to be spoken to, and as no one spoke to him, he remained discreetly mute. Mordred twaddled on unendingly to Mr. Carew with his stories of bargains in second-hand books. Sir Aubrey devoted himself exclusively to his future bride. But Mr. Bain ate his dinner and amused himself with his own thoughts, and wore the aspect of a contented mind. Now and then he stole a little look at Sylvia; once or twice he smiled to himself—a slow, thoughtful smile—and that was all.

The meal itself was good and ample, but scrupulously simple—a dinner of the old-fashioned, substantial order, not nearly so grand as the dinners given by Mrs. Toynbee, which Sylvia had heard described by Mary Peter, the village gossip—dinners which were in preparation for days before the festival, and at which Monkhampton confectioners came to assist.

Sylvia admired the handsome old china, with its dark reds and deep purples and rich gilding—the massive old-fashioned silver, a trifle clumsy, perhaps, but with such a look of long-established wealth and state. The room in which they dined was sombre, but its very gloom had an air of grandeur. The full flowing curtains of darkest crimson velvet were in perfect tone with the oak paneling; the wide mantel-piece of dark green marble was supported upon clustered columns of white veinless stone, with bases and capitals of red porphyry. This, the handsomest object in the room, relieved the darker hues of the walls and furniture.

The gentlemen, at Sir Aubrey's suggestion, returned to the drawing-room with Sylvia, and then followed one of those evenings which irreverent minds distinguish as "slow." Sir Aubrey naturally devoted himself to his betrothed. He showed her the various—but not numerous—objects of interest in the saloon; told her the history of each: how those vases had been sent from India by a certain General Perriam, his great-uncle; how those curtains had been worked by Hindoos who squatted on the floor of the corridor outside his great-aunt's apartments in Calcutta, and who were paid so many pice a day for their labors. He took Sylvia to the library, and showed her that apartment—a treasury of learning which hardly wore the most attractive shape. Here, indeed, the severer Muses seemed to frown forbiddingly upon the young student. The lightest book on yonder massive carved oak shelves was Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and even that work of fancy was rendered outwardly repulsive by its dingy binding.

Sir Aubrey showed Sylvia the table at which he was wont to write letters and transact his business with Mr. Bain—an old office desk, covered with well-worn leather.

"The library is not so pretty as the drawing-room," said Sylvia.

"No," replied the baronet, "a library is for use. One does not expect prettiness in a library."

"Are the books very nice?" Sylvia asked, timidly. It was too dark for her to read the titles, and she thought those dingy volumes might possibly belie their outward show.

"Well, I don't quite know a young lady's idea of niceness in books. You like the *Sorrows of Werther*, by-the-way—a flimsy, sentimental piece of nonsense, which took the world by storm in my father's time. There's nothing here of the *Werther* kind—in point of fact, no works of fiction. There's a fine edition of Holinshed yonder; Froissart's *Chronicles*; the *Mort d'Arthur*; sermons, from Latimer down to South and Barrow; Milton's prose works; Rollin, Hume, and all the best historians."

"Macaulay and Carlyle?" asked Sylvia, thinking there might be something readable in that way. She liked history as interpreted by these brilliant and diverse pens.

"No. There has been nothing added within the last fifty years. It was my grandfather who completed the library."

"As if a library could ever be complete!" thought Sylvia.

It was pleasant to imagine the changes she would make in this gloomy temple of the learned dead—new curtains of bright glowing hue instead of those black-green velvet, which age and dust had darkened to the color of the trunks of moss-grown trees; a new carpet to replace that worn and faded Turkey, where every shade had worn to one neutrality of tint; new tables; stands for engravings; new chairs, roomy, luxurious, covered with crimson morocco, and decorated with crest and monogram in gold. She had seen the luxuries of life, were it but in the upholsterer's window at Monkhampton.

They went back to the saloon, after making the circuit of the lower room, the hall, the music-room (long disused, a spacious empty chamber, whose walls gave back sonorous echoes), the breakfast-parlor, the late Lady Perriam's morning-room.

"I'll show you my brother's rooms another day," said Sir Aubrey. "They are on the upper floor. There's not much to admire in them except the number of his books."

In the saloon they found Mr. Carew yawning over his empty tea-cup, Mordred furtively devouring the catalogue of a forth-coming auction in last Saturday's *Athenæum*, Mr. Bain meditative—altogether a silent party.

"You seem rather dull," said the baronet, blandly. "I must get a piano by-and-by. It's a pity we haven't one, for Miss Carew might have given us some music."

Miss Carew looked about the room, and thought how many things it wanted besides a piano to make it thoroughly pleasant. That grand old-world air was very well in its way, but Sylvia longed for modern luxury as well as antique stateliness. It was agreeable to contemplate an apartment which reminded one of the *Spectator* and Pope's Belinda, but one could not quite ignore the strides which modern invention had made in the art of comfort.

It was a long evening. Devoted as Sir Aubrey was, he had not very much to say to his betrothed. The eyes which delighted him inspired no eloquence of speech. What he did say to her was chiefly about himself. Of books he knew little, save the works of Addison, Pope, Swift, Voltaire, and a few more of the same period. Of men he knew still less. So he told Sylvia mild little anecdotes of his blameless youth, his revered mother, his admirable father, and now and then brought forth some inane little joke, which had been handed down from father to son like an heir-loom.

Sylvia listened, smiled even at the jokelets, but thought, with a bitter pang, of Edmund's swift-flowing talk—a good deal of it nonsense, perhaps, but always eloquent nonsense—talk about poets, playwrights, romancers; talk which sparkled often with the brightness of ideas which were not all borrowed; talk which was vigorous with the force and passion of youth.

"I shall never hear him again. I shall never walk with him in the dear old lanes at sunset," she said to herself; "but then I shall be Lady Perriam. I shall be mistress of this grand old house."

Splendid as Perriam Place might be, its future mistress was very glad to get away from it on this particular evening. She gave a sigh of relief as the carriage door was shut, and the slow, steady old horses began their jog-trot progress.

"Sir Aubrey is very kind, papa," she said, as if apologizing for the sigh, "but rather dull. At least he was rather dull to-night."

"Not half so dull as his brother. I've been bored to death by those tedious stories about second-hand books. I thought you seemed very well amused with Sir Aubrey. I heard you laugh ever so many times."

"One is obliged to laugh when people tell one anecdotes. But that kind of laughter is very fatiguing. I feel as tired as if I'd been teaching all day in the Sunday-school. I wonder whether good society is always fatiguing?"

Mr. Carew didn't answer this speculative inquiry. He remembered society that had known no weariness. Those snug little dinners in the Kilburn Villa; those gay summer evenings in the shrubberied garden, when he and his guests took their coffee outside the jasmine-shrouded veranda by the light of the midsummer stars; that inexhaustible talk of men and horses, and art and music; and for the centre of the picture the fair face of his pretty wife, the cynosure of all other eyes, if not his own loadstar. This society, for which James Carew had sacrificed honor and honesty, if not altogether "good," had at least never been dull.

Sylvia nestled into the padded corner of the comfortable old carriage, and thought of her shopping at Monkhampton to-morrow. She had taken the bank-notes from her father, and had reluctantly relinquished one ten-pound note to that parent when he pleaded his poverty and embarrassments.

"A hundred pounds is not much toward such a trousseau as I ought to have, papa," she had said, somewhat dolefully. "It seems rather hard that you should want to take any of it away."

"It seems harder that you should grudge your father a trifle out of such a windfall," answered the school-master, bitterly. "What do you want with a heap of fine clothes? Sir Aubrey will give you any thing you ask him for when you are his wife."

There was that other claimant, the wretched woman in Bell Alley, Fetter Lane. Sylvia did not quite forget that still stronger call upon a daughter's benevolence.

"I'll send her five pounds from Monkhampton to-morrow," she said to herself. "When I am Lady Perriam I can often send her money."

* * * * * *

Before starting for Monkhampton Sylvia took Mary Peter, the dress-maker, in some measure into her confidence. She told this useful friend of her speedy marriage, but as she said nothing about the bridegroom, Miss Peter naturally concluded that Edmund Standen was that happy man. Sylvia wanted the dress-maker's aid in the choice of fabrics, the adjustment of quantities, and there was a pleasant sensation in going to Monkhampton in the fly from the inn, attended by Mary Peter. The driving from shop to shop was like a triumphal progress, and it was a new rapture to be able to choose the prettiest things—those perfect boots which Sylvia had gazed at with envious sighs in the leading boot-maker's neatly arranged window, the lustrous silks, the soft lace, the delicate embroidery. Sylvia was surprised to find how speedily her bank-notes melted away when she chose the best and choicest articles in Mr. Ganzlein's emporium. Mary Peter kept whispering to her that she must have twenty yards of this, and seventeen of that, and ten yards of the broad Brussels lace for a trimming, and three or four pieces of Madeira-work for the under-linen which Miss Peter was to put in hand for her. She found that seventy pounds were a mere nothing to spend at Mr. Ganzlein's, and that she must restrict her purchases to three or four dresses at the most.

That thick corded silk of pearliest white which she selected, after much deliberation, for the wedding dress would do for a dinner dress afterward, Mary told her, and would dye after that.

"Dye!" exclaimed Sylvia, forgetting her previous reticence; "do you suppose I shall ever wear dyed silks?"

"Well, I don't know why you shouldn't, Sylvia. Rich people wear them. I made up a dyed moiré antique for Mrs. Toynbee last spring, and it looked very rich, but was just a little streaky by daylight. You might have your wedding dress dyed a lovely blue next year."

Sylvia chose a dove-colored silk—the real dove-color—and a delicate gray. She remembered Sir Aubrey's charge about simplicity, and she fancied these subdued tints could scarcely fail to please him. She bought a good deal of lace, some linen fine enough for a princess of the blood royal, a morning dress or two of plain white cambric, a black silk mantle, and a warm shawl for traveling, and found that these purchases absorbed the whole of her sixty pounds. Ten more pounds were expended at the fashionable boot-maker's afore-mentioned, and at the chief perfumer and hair-dresser's establishment, where Sylvia chose brushes and combs fit for the future Lady Perriam.

"I haven't even money enough left for a dressing-bag," said Sylvia, dolefully, when she looked into her almost empty purse, which had seemed full to plethora a little while ago.

"I dare say Mr. Standen will give you one," returned Miss Peter; "they generally do"—*they* meaning the hapless bridegroom species.

Sylvia gave a little start at the sound of that too familiar name. The thought of Edmund would come ever and anon to dash her sense of triumph—nay, to make all things bitterness to her.

The two young women drove home merrily enough notwithstanding. They discussed the making of the dresses, and Sylvia gave her orders with the air of an empress. She begged that Mary would be very particular as to the neatness of the work, and the style must be elegant in its simplicity. There were to be none of the frillings and crossway bands and puffings and fringes and tassels and gimps which Mrs. Toynbee delighted in. "I can afford to dispense with trimming," Sylvia remarked, grandly.

"You will put off all other work, of course, for a wedding order," she said to her satellite at parting; "but remember you must tell no one whose wedding dresses you are making. I don't want people to know any thing about my marriage till it's over!"

"I suppose it's to be directly he comes back from Demerara?" hazarded Mary.

"Never mind when it is to be. Mind I want my dresses in three weeks from to-day."

"I believe it's a moral impossible," answered Mary, who had vague ideas about certain substantives, and said impossible for impossibility; "but if it's in human nature to get through so much work in that time, I'll do it."

Sylvia thought of the dress-maker's bill. She had but one ten-pound note left, and five pounds out of that she had intended for her mother; but she now decided on keeping the money for Mary Peter. It would not do to enter her new stage of existence in debt to a village dress-maker. She would send Mrs. Carford money after her marriage.

Thus it happened that the lodger in Bell Alley profited nothing by Sir Aubrey's hundred pounds.

Before nightfall a great many people in Monkhampton had heard of Miss Carew's purchases at Ganzlein's. The school-master's daughter was very well known in the shop, though her outlay heretofore had been most meagre—a yard or two of ribbon, a cheap muslin dress, a pair of gloves, and so on. That expenditure of seventy pounds had made the grave Ganzlein himself open his eyes to the widest extent as he stood at his desk in a dark corner of the shop counting out Miss Carew's money. He talked of the circumstance at dinner in the bosom of his family, opining that her marriage with Edmund Standen was to take place very soon; and there was a good deal said by Mrs. and the Misses Ganzlein about Mr. Standen's foolish infatuation.

"Young Standen must have given her the money she laid out to-day," observed the draper. "She couldn't have got it from her father."

"Every body's mad about that girl, I think," returned Mrs. Ganzlein. "I was told only yesterday that Sir Aubrey had taken notice of her and her father, and had them up at the Place."

CHAPTER XXIX.

IRREVOCABLE.

THE swift days went past. Very swift they seemed to Sylvia, and yet very slow. She had chosen her own fate, yet she felt in a manner doomed. There were times when she felt as helpless as the luckless sailor clasped in the pulpy embrace of that sea-monster whose gelatinous arms are stretched out of the sea to draw the victim to his death. The sea-monster was Fate.

The letter to Demerara was gone now; it was hastening over the wide blue sea. How happy Sylvia would have been had she been sailing yonder over wide ocean, instead of that false, deceitful letter—the letter in which she surrendered her love, with tears, for his own sake!

He would return—too soon, come when he would—to find her another man's wife. Oh, bitter awakening from his brief dream of woman's fidelity!

Sylvia paid no more visits to Perriam Place during the brief period of her betrothal. Sir Aubrey would have liked her to be there often, but many such visits would have set people talking; and he wanted to stave off all gossip and wonderment till after his marriage. He made all the necessary arrangements as secretly as if he had been chief conspirator in a new gunpowder plot, procured the license, and executed that deed of settlement one morning in Mr. Bain's office, where Sylvia, in her white bonnet and plain muslin dress, looked like a hot-house plant that some wind had blown there.

The days went by, the long summer evenings dwindled. The July moon shrank and waned; August was very near. Then came the first week of August. The reapers were abroad in the land. The frightened corn-crake knew not whither to betake himself. The heavy wains rolled homeward in the shortening twilight. Sylvia's wedding-day was at hand.

Sir Aubrey spent all his evenings in the school-house parlor, which was perhaps a more cheerful apartment for the occupation of three people than that too spacious saloon at Perriam. He came under cover of dusk for the most part, being so anxious to preserve the secret of his wooing, came to sit opposite his betrothed while she beguiled the evening with some trifling fancy-work, and to discourse mildly, as he had discoursed at Perriam, repeating himself a little now and then. He was rather fond of talking politics, and as his opinions were of the good old Tory school, hardly modified since the days of Chatham and North, and Mr. Carew, like most disappointed men, was a virulent radical, there was plenty of room for argument between these two politicians. Sylvia wondered that people could talk so much and get so angry about things which seemed really to matter very little to any body outside the House of Commons. The world seemed to go on pretty much the same whether Conservatives or Liberals were dominant, and rates and taxes were just as hard to pay whether one Chancellor of the Exchequer or another dipped his fingers into the purses of the people.

Mary Peter brought the dresses home one by one, and their simple magnificence almost astonished the enraptured possessor.

"I think that's heavenly," exclaimed Mary, as she held up the dove-colored silk in the little cottage bed-chamber, and shook out its lustrous folds with the mantua-maker's skilled hand. "It pays you well, Sylvia, though you did give ten and six a yard for it. I haven't made up many richer silks, not even for Mrs. Standen—your mother-in-law that is to be," added Mary, jocosely.

There was hardly room for all the finery in Sylvia's small bedroom. Her riches were almost embarrassing. The dresses lay about covered with clean linen, like bodies laid out in a hospital.

"You've got new trunks to put them in, I hope," said Mary. "There's nothing I like to see better than handsome portmanteaus when the bride's going off for the wedding trip."

Sylvia sighed despairingly.

"I haven't a box belonging to me," she said; "I've never traveled any where like other people."

"Then, I dare say, Mr. Standen will give you a couple of handsome trunks. You've only to drop an 'int when he comes back."

"I hate hints," returned Sylvia; "I must ask him to give me some boxes."

She made the request to Sir Aubrey that evening, when he inquired if she were nearly ready for the wedding journey: only three days now remained before the appointed date. Mr. Vancourt, the vicar, had received notice of the marriage—all arrangements were made.

"My dresses are quite ready, Sir Aubrey," she replied, "but I have no boxes to put them in."

"You'd better order a couple of fair-sized portmanteaus at Folthorpe's. Don't have them too large, they're a nuisance in traveling, and the French railways charge for all luggage."

"I am sorry that I spent all my money before I thought of the trunks," said Sylvia, blushing deeply. It was hard to beg, even of her betrothed, though she thought of him in the future as a person who would give her every thing she desired, whose purse she could draw upon with perfect freedom.

Sir Aubrey stared at her somewhat blankly.

"Oh, you have spent that hundred pounds," he said, taken off his guard by an announcement which considerably surprised him, in his happy ignorance of feminine costliness. "I fear you've been buying a good deal of unnecessary finery."

"I hope not, Sir Aubrey. I have tried to choose things to please you," the girl answered, quickly, tears of humiliation starting to her eyes.

"My dearest, pray don't think that I'm vexed with you," cried the baronet, melted by that tearful look in those lovely eyes. "The money was yours to do what you liked with. I'll order your portmanteaus to-morrow morning."

He had as yet given her but one present besides that utilitarian offering of the bank-notes. His single gift was an old-fashioned diamond hoop ring of his mother's, the diamonds set in time-darkened silver, and encircling the finger. This was doubtless but an earnest of the splendors which he would heap upon her by-and-by.

The wedding-day arrived—a misty August morning; the hills and woods around Hedingham were shrouded in light summer vapor, which melted slowly before the might of the day-god. Sylvia heard the cheery voices of the reapers in the barley field yonder, and envied them their careless liberty. They were not going to be married. It was not the most awful day in their lives. They were not going to set a solemn seal upon their destinies, binding them to an unknown master for all time to come.

Only on the very threshold of doom did Sylvia pause to consider what she was doing. She dressed herself in the white silk wedding gown, unassisted, and wondered a little at her own beauty as she saw herself in the glass. That shining, pearly fabric, so trying to lesser loveliness, became her as its petals become the lily. But at this last moment she felt that her wedding dress was too fine for her wedding. There were to be no bride-maids, no guests, no breakfast. She was to walk from the garden to the church on her father's arm, unseen, unadmired, to meet Sir Aubrey and Mr. Bain in the vestry, and directly the ceremony was over she was to put on her traveling dress and drive off to Monkhampton station with her elderly husband. It was not such a wedding as her dreams had shadowed forth when she was betrothed to Edmund Standen. In those vague girlish visions she had pictured her wedding all gayety and brightness, her village friends looking on admiringly, the school-children strewing her path with flowers.

"This lovely dress is quite thrown away," she thought, with a discontented sigh. "No one will see it but papa and Sir Aubrey and the steward. I might just as well have kept the money it cost; only it would seem so strange to be married in colors."

Her father made some remarks of a disparaging kind when she went down stairs in her radiant toilet.

"You'd better have been married in your traveling dress," he said. "That white thing's quite out of place for a private wedding. Sir Aubrey wanted to drive straight off from the church-yard gate."

Sylvia pouted, and reflected with some self-gratulation that her father would hardly presume to question her actions when she was Lady Perriam.

"I sha'n't be ten minutes changing my dress," she answered. "Sir Aubrey must wait."

"Must wait, must he? These are early days to talk of must."

"Do you think I am going to be dictated to like a little child when I am married?" Sylvia asked, haughtily.

"I think you will have to behave a little more amiably to Sir Aubrey than you have behaved to me," answered her father.

"I shall not have to cook his dinners, at any rate," retorted Sylvia. And in this Christian frame of mind father and daughter repaired arm in arm to the parish church.

Sir Aubrey and Mr. Bain were already in the vestry. The bridegroom gave a little start at sight of the bride's white robes. He had expected to see her dressed ready for their journey; but he could not complain when she looked so lovely. He uttered an admiring exclamation, and raised her hand to his lips with that stately gallantry which so well became him. Mr. Vancourt was ready for them, and his countenance gave no indication of the surprise which must have reigned within him at this singular union. He performed the ceremony with an agreeable briskness, and Sir Aubrey found himself a married man sooner than he could have believed possible.

Mr. Bain was very attentive to the ceremony, and curiously watchful of the bride, in his quiet way. Sylvia's manner was emotionless in the extreme—emotionless almost to apathy. There are awful moments in life when the feelings seem benumbed. Sylvia felt nothing but a vague sense of wonder. How had this thing come to pass so speedily?

"Let me be the first to salute Lady Perriam," said Mr. Bain, when they had returned to the vestry; and before any one could protest against such an enormity he had pressed his lips upon Sylvia's fair forehead, the first kiss that had rested there since Edmund's despairing farewell. The bride drew back indignant at the affront.

"It is the privilege of a best man," apologized Mr. Bain. "Pray pardon me for having taken so great a liberty, Lady Perriam."

"Yes, my love," said Sir Aubrey, putting aside the absurdity of the business with an easy laugh, "it is Bain's privilege, I believe. You mustn't be angry with him. But he might have waited for the second place." And Sir Aubrey set the husband's first kiss on the lips of the bride. It seemed a preposterous thing that another man—his lawyer and steward—should have kissed her first.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of one of the ships, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. Such an attitude in a British sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid?" answered the sailor; "no! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

Are blacksmiths who make a living by forging, or carpenters who do a little counter-fitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?

The man who "harbored" a thought is supposed to live on the sea-shore.

A Chicago lady complains of the unremitting love of her absent husband. He never sends her a cent.

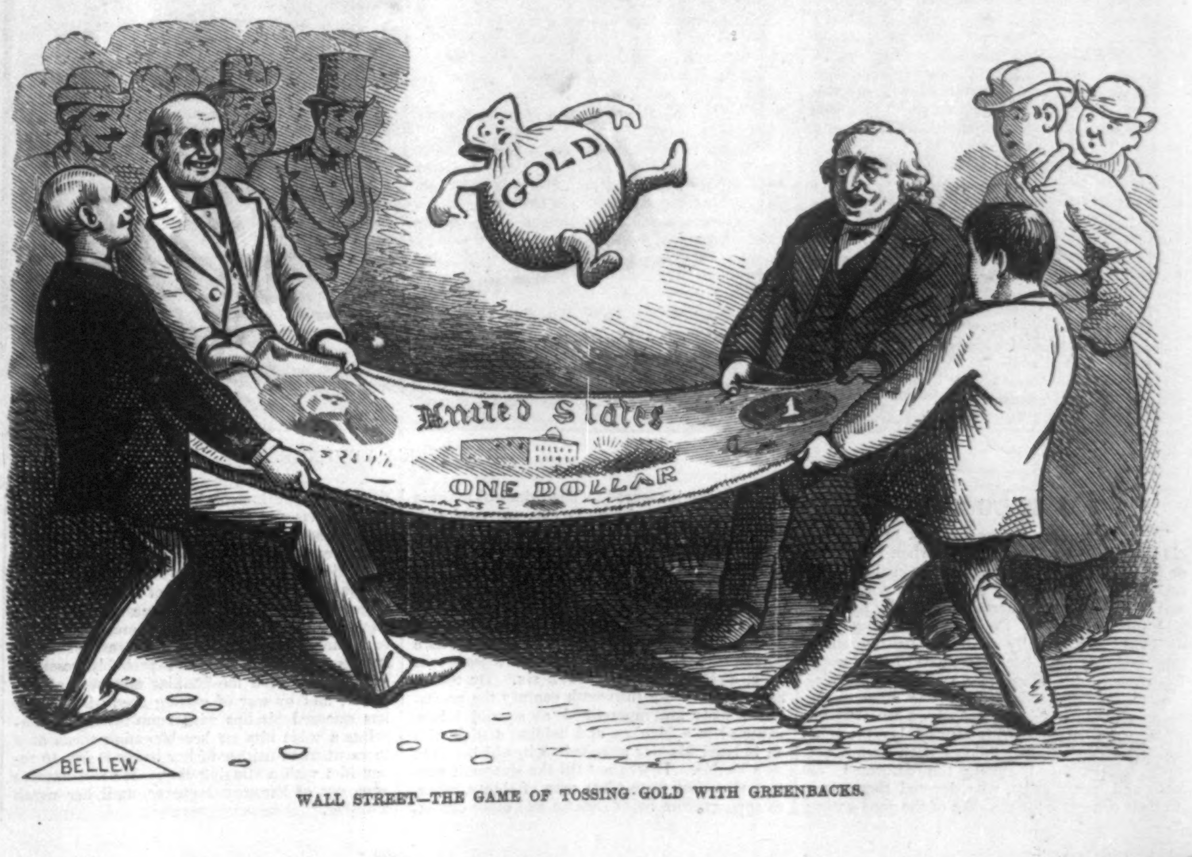
There is a man in Portland, Maine, who supports his family in handsome style by simply tying an able-bodied cat by the tail to a clothes-line every night, and then going out in the morning to collect the soap, shaving-cups, brushes, etc., thrown into the yard by angry boarders in adjoining houses.

What is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whisky?—One husbands the corn, and the other corns the husbands.

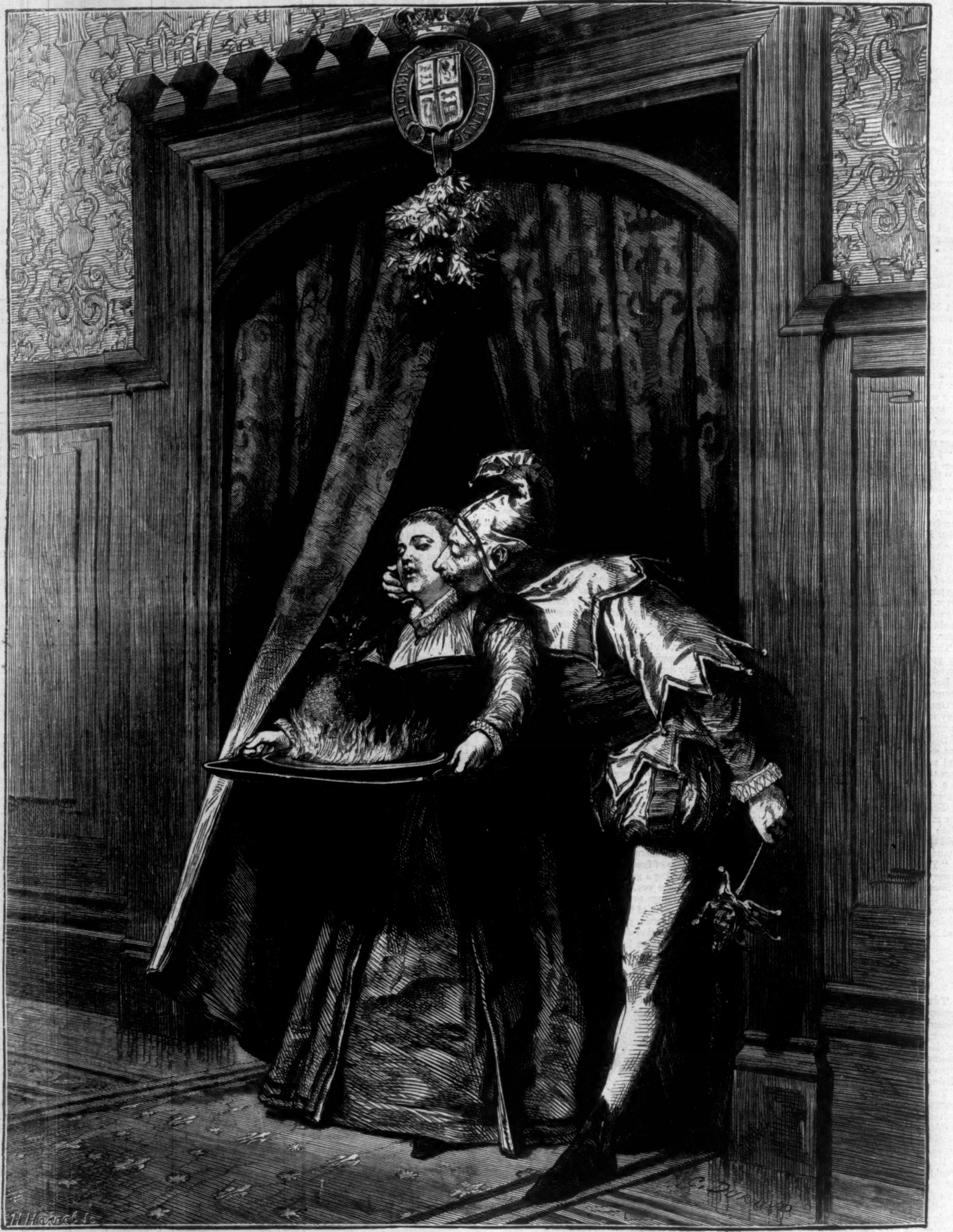
"Good blood will show itself," said the old lady with the red nose.

Agassiz estimates that a man's finger-nails will grow to be three thousand feet long if he leaves them uncut for one thousand years. Lots of men have started out to see if Agassiz is right.

Young Simpson, beginning the study of natural philosophy, became fond of applying technical names to common objects to impress hearers with a sense of his profound knowledge, and tried the game with his father one evening. When he mentioned to him that he had swallowed some marine acephalous mollusks the old man was much alarmed, and he suddenly seized Simpson and threw him to the floor, and held him and screamed for help. And when Mrs. Simpson came with some warm water, and the hired man rushed in with a garden pump, they forced half a gallon of water down Simpson's throat, and then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch and shook him, while the old man said, "If we don't get them things out of William he will be pizened." And when they were out, and William explained that the articles alluded to were merely oysters, then his father fondled him for half an hour with a trunk strap for scaring the family. Subsequently Simpson framed his language in a more familiar phrase.



WALL STREET—THE GAME OF TOSSING GOLD WITH GREENBACKS.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THE JESTER'S REVENGE.

THE JESTER'S REVENGE.

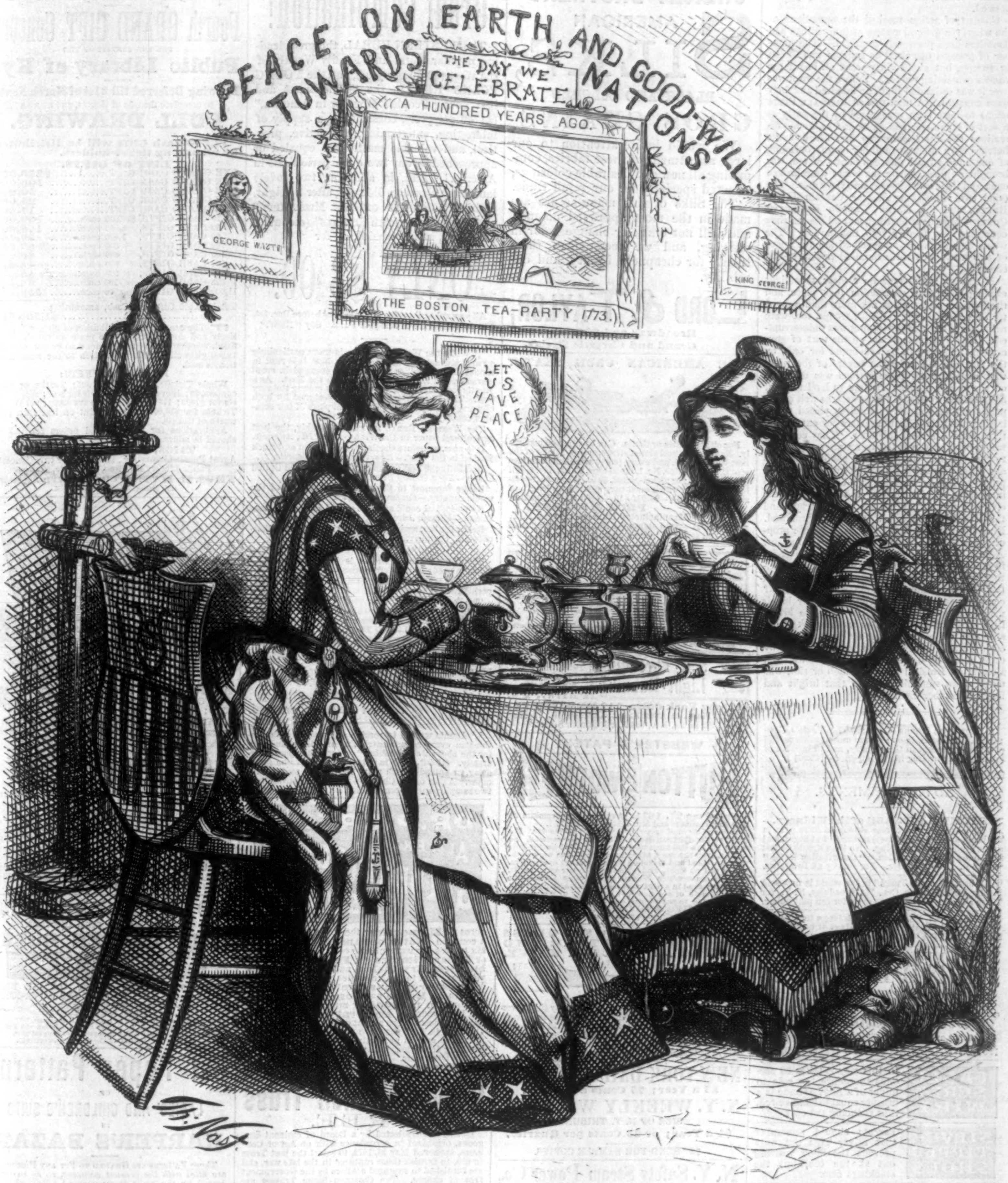
This illustration carries us back to the good old times of "merrie England," when the jester or fool was an important personage in the court, and in the household of every great noble. It was his business to entertain the family by jests and amusing sallies. Court fools do not appear distinctly and officially until after the Crusades, and they may have been introduced into Europe from the East. They were at first either misshapen, half-imbecile dwarfs, who were themselves ridiculous objects, and whose senseless replies were greeted with hearty laughter, or quick-witted, half-mad fellows, such as are not unfrequently found among the deformed, or poor and merry poets, who devoted themselves to their character for the sake of the good eating and drinking it secured. The principal insignia of the office were the fool's cap, party-colored, adorned with three asses' ears and a cock's comb, the variously shaped sceptre or bauble, bells on the cap, sleeves, and skirt, and a wide collar.

The office of court fool ceased in most European countries about the close of the seventeenth century, but continued longer in Russia, where Peter the Great often had twelve jesters at once, and the Empress Anne six. By the illuminators of the thirteenth century the professional fools are represented as squalid idiots, wrapped in a blanket, and holding a stick with an inflated bladder attached to it, which served as a bauble. It was not till the sixteenth century that they were often men of ability, when, as appears from Shakspeare and other dramatists, the entertainment they afforded consisted in witty retorts and sarcastic reflections. Though their license was very extensive, they were liable to correction or discharge from office when their wit or ill-nature got the better of discretion.

Our illustration shows one of these professional jesters taking revenge for some real or fancied slight by a practical joke which must have been badly annoying to the pretty waitress on whom it was inflicted. She had probably resented quite smartly the too-familiar advances of the jester, and by way of getting even with her he has smeared his lips with lamp-black, and imprints a sable kiss on her blooming cheek at a moment when neither of her hands is free to repay him with a stinging slap. He will have to keep out of her way, however, until her wrath subsides.

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

On the 15th of December a distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen assembled in Faneuil Hall to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the famous Boston "Tea-Party," when the cargoes of the *Dartmouth*, *Eleanor*, and *Beaver*, three British ships, consisting of 342 chests of tea, were thrown into the harbor by a body of sixty men disguised as Indians. The memorial party had also a semi-political aspect. It was originated and managed by Mrs. Lucy Stone in the interest of woman suffrage. Invitations were sent to many prominent agitators of woman's rights, and, to the gratification of the ladies who had the affair in charge, most of them were accepted. The celebration was a complete success, except in one respect—the supply of tea



THE CENTENNIAL TEA-PARTY.

"What would the Georges say if they should see us now?"

gave out before all the guests had been served. Colonel T. W. **Higginson** presided, and to his judgment and general fitness for the position much of the success of the Centennial Tea-Party is to be attributed. Enthusiasm was not as prominent a feature of the celebration as its nature would lead one to suppose; the speeches were marked more by cool and solid argument than by stirring appeals to the feelings of the audience, and **Lucy Stone**'s address alone created any degree of enthusiasm. Every thing was carried out just as it was advertised, and the managers may well be proud of the success which attended their efforts.

The original tea-party was a practical protest against the tea monopoly granted by the British government to the East India Company. A number of American merchants at that time in London were eager to secure the privilege of furnishing ships to carry the obnoxious cargoes to the colonies. But the sturdy colonists were determined to resist this encroachment on their rights. Great meetings were held in Boston and other cities to protest against the monopoly. The British government paid no heed to the popular demand, and regarded the agitation as a factious movement which would either die of itself or be easily crushed out by force.

Toward the end of November, 1773, the *Dartmouth* arrived at Boston, and came to anchor near the Castle. A meeting of the people of Boston and the neighboring towns was convened at Faneuil Hall, which being too small, the assembly adjourned to the Old South Meeting-house. A resolution was adopted declaring that "the tea shall not be landed, that no duty shall be paid, and that it shall be sent back in the same bottom." The people also voted "that Mr. **Roch**, the owner of the vessel, be directed not to enter the tea, at his peril, and that Captain **Hall** be informed, and at his peril, not to suffer any of the tea to be landed." The ship was ordered to be moored at Griffin's Wharf, and a guard of twenty-five men was appointed to watch her. The meeting received a letter from the consignees, offering to store the tea until instructions could be received from England, but the proposal was rejected. The sheriff then read a proclamation ordering the people to disperse. It was greeted with hisses.

By the 14th of December two other ships loaded with tea had arrived, and were moored at Griffin's Wharf, under charge of the volunteer guard, and public order was well observed. Another meeting was held on the 14th in the Old South, when it was resolved to order Mr. **Roch** to apply immediately for a clearance for his ship, and send her to sea. The Governor meanwhile had taken measures to prevent her sailing out of the harbor. Two armed ships were stationed at the entrance, and the commandant of the Castle received orders not to allow any vessel to pass outward without a permit from the Governor.

This roused the popular feeling to a white heat. On the 16th several thousand people met in the Old South and vicinity. **Samuel Phillips Savage** presided. The youthful **Josiah Quincy** made a stirring speech, at the close of which (about three o'clock in the afternoon) the question was put, "Will you abide by your former resolutions with respect to not suffering the tea to be landed?" The vast assembly, as with one voice, gave an affirmative reply. Mr. **Roch** in the mean while had been sent to the Governor, who was at his country-house at Milton, a few miles from Boston, to request a permit for his vessel to leave the harbor. A demand was also made upon the Collector for a clearance, but he refused until the tea should be landed. **Roch** returned late in the afternoon with information that the Governor refused to grant a permit until a clearance should be exhibited. The meeting was greatly excited; and, as twilight was approaching, a call was made for candles. At that moment a person disguised like a Mohawk Indian raised the war-whoop in the gallery of the Old South, which was answered from without. Another voice in the gallery shouted, "Boston Harbor a tea-pot to-night! Hurra for Griffin's Wharf!" A motion was instantly made to adjourn, and the people, in great confusion, crowded into the streets. Several persons in disguise were seen crossing Fort Hill in the direction of Griffin's Wharf, and thitherward the populace pressed.

Concert of action marked the operations at the wharf; a general system of proceedings had doubtless been previously arranged. The number of persons disguised as Indians was fifteen or twenty, but about sixty went on board the vessels containing the tea. Before the work was over it was estimated that one hundred and forty were engaged. A man named LENDALL PITTS seems to have been recognized by the party as a sort of commander-in-chief, and under his directions the *Dartmouth* was first boarded, the hatches were taken up, and her cargo, consisting of one hundred and fourteen chests of tea, was brought on deck, where the boxes were broken open and their contents cast into the water. The other two vessels (the *Eleanor*, Captain JAMES BRUCE, and the *Beaver*, Captain HEZEKIAH COFFIN) were next boarded, and all the tea they contained was thrown into the harbor. The whole quantity thus destroyed within the space of two hours was three hundred and forty-two chests.

It was an early hour on a clear, moonlight evening when this transaction took place, and the British squadron was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. British troops, too, were near, yet the whole proceeding was uninterrupted. This apparent apathy on the part of government officers can be accounted for only by the fact, alluded to by the papers of the time, that something far more serious was expected on the occasion of an attempt to land the tea, and that the owners of the vessels, as well as the public authorities, felt themselves placed under lasting obligations to the *rioters* for extricating them from a serious dilemma. They certainly would have been worsted in an attempt forcibly to land the tea. In the actual result the vessels and other property were spared from injury; the people of Boston, having carried their resolution into effect, were satisfied; the courage of the civil and military officers was unimpeached, and the "national honor" was not compromised. None but the East India Company, whose property was destroyed, had reason for complaint. A large proportion of those who were engaged in the destruction of the tea were disguised, either by a sort of Indian costume or by blacking their faces. Many, however, were fearless of consequences, and boldly employed their hands without concealing their faces from the bright light of the moon. As soon as the work of destruction was completed the active party marched in perfect order into the town, preceded by drum and fife, dispersed to their homes, and Boston, untarnished by actual mob or riot, was never more tranquil than on that bright and frosty December night.

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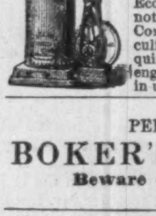

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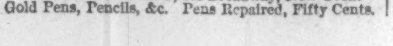
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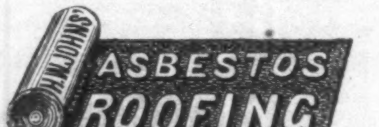

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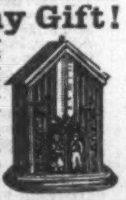

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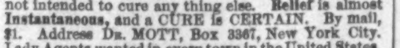
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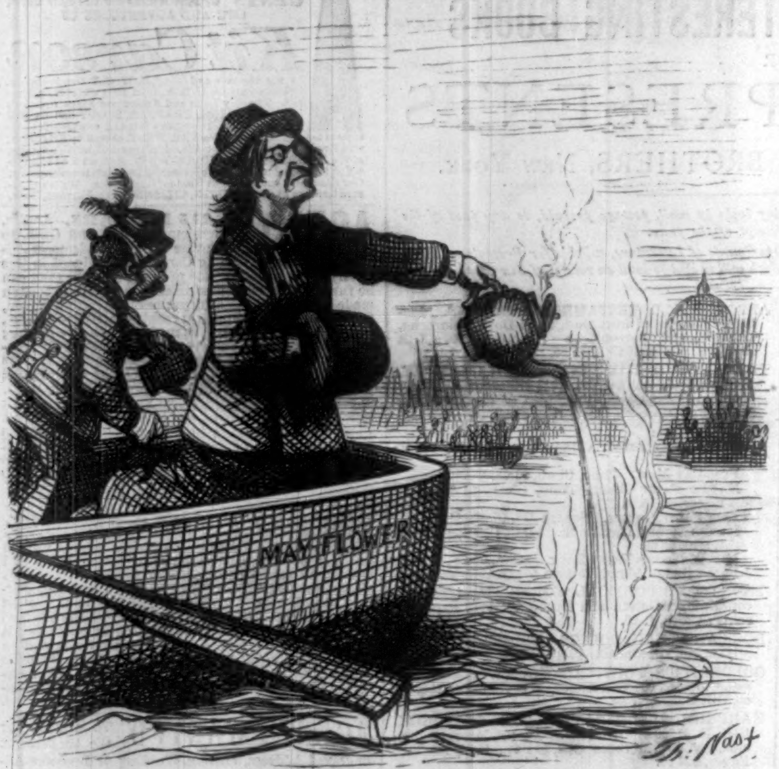

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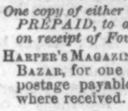

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[CONTINUED FROM No. 887, PAGE 1171.]

GOLDEN GRAIN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," "GRIF," "LONDON'S HEART," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

XIV.

IT IS SUNRISE: A GOLDEN MIST IS RISING FROM THE WATER.

ON two occasions you have expressed to me your wish to know what it was that induced me to take an interest in you, when you were left an orphan, friendless, as you might have supposed. As the answer to your inquiry would have disclosed one of the secrets of my life, I refused to answer. But to-night, sitting as I am sitting, alone in this desolate house, I am impelled to write an answer in my own way—impelled by the resurrection of certain memories which have arisen about me during the last hour, and which cling to me now with terrible tenacity. For the only time in my life that I can remember, I will indulge myself by a free outpouring of what is in my mind, setting no restraint upon myself, as has hitherto invariably been my rule. I do this the more readily, as these words will certainly not be read by you until I am dead, and may never be read by you at all, for the whim may seize me to destroy them. To this extent I may, therefore, think that I am speaking to myself only — making confession to myself only; I strip myself of all reserve. The mere expression of this resolution gives me relief.

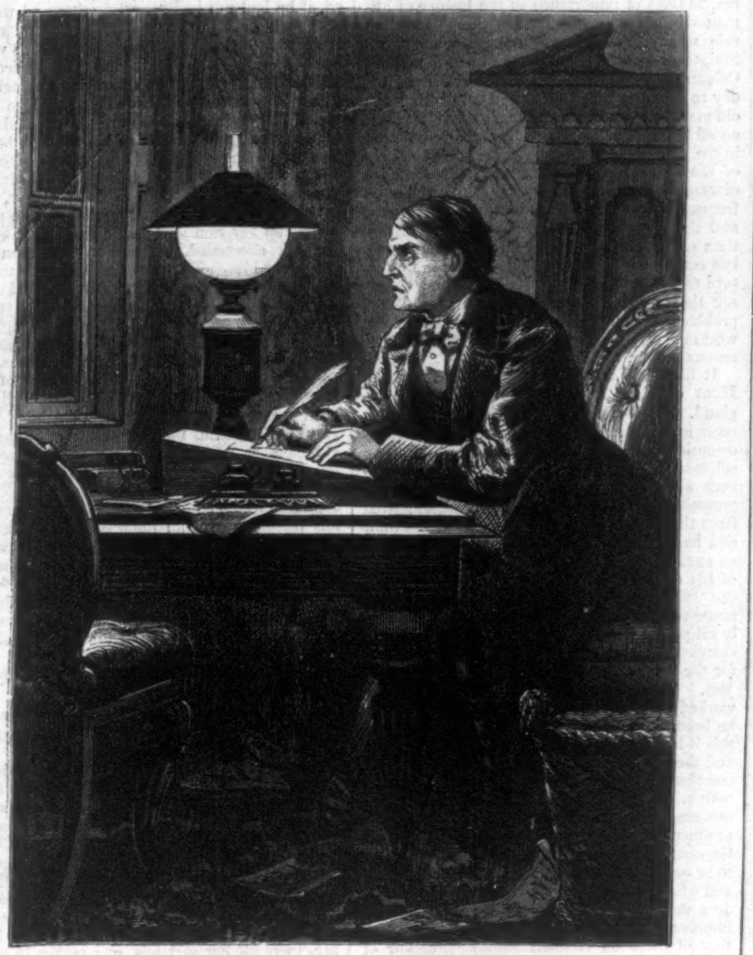
I am not writing in my study; it was my first intention to do so, but the room was close and warm, and when the door was shut a stifling feeling came upon me, as if other forms besides my own were there, although I was the only living presence in it. Directly the fancy seized me, it grew to such monstrous proportions that, with a vague fear, I brought my papers away, and felt when I left the room as if I had escaped from a prison. I am writing now in the large drawing-room, by the window which looks out upon the garden and the river, where you and I have sometimes sat and conversed. The night is dark; the river and the banks beyond are dark; the garden is filled with shadows. The only light to be seen is where I am sitting writing by the light of a reading-lamp. The other portions of the room, and the garden, and the river, and the river's banks are wrapped in gloom. I open the window; I can breathe more freely now.

Certain words you spoke to me during our last interview have recurred to me many times, against my wish, for I have endeavored vainly to forget them. You said that I had endeavored to win your sympathy in my career. I asked you if I did win it. You answered, No. I asked you the reason, and you said that it seemed to you I had amassed money simply for its own sake, and not for the sake of the good uses to which it may be applied. According to your thinking, you said, money was only sweet when it was well earned and well spent. Well earned? I have worked hard for the money which I have gained. I have toiled and labored and schemed for it, and it is mine. Has it not been well earned? I ask this question of myself, not of you; for I believe your answer, if you could give it to me, would not please me. Well spent? I do not know—I never considered. I have gone on accumulating. "Money makes money," I used to hear over and over again. Money *has* made money for me. Well, it is mine. The thought intrudes itself, For how long? This thought hurts me; I am an old man. For how many years longer will my money be mine? But I go on accumulating and adding; it is the purpose of my life.

It has been the purpose of my life since I was a young man. Then I was clerk to a great broker. I became learned in money; I knew all its values and fractions; it took possession of my mind, and I determined to become rich. It seemed to me that money was the only thing in life worth living for; I resolved to live for it, and for it only, and to obtain it. I have lived for it—I have obtained it—and I sit now in my grand house, a desolate man, with a weight upon my heart which no words can express.

How still and quiet every thing is around me! I might be in a deserted land, alone with my wealth, and the end of my life is near! "Money is only sweet when it is well earned and well spent?" Are you right, or am I? Has my life been a mistake?

The great broker in whose employ I was noticed my assiduity and my earnestness. These qualities were valuable to him, and he rewarded my faithful service by raising me. There were other clerks of the same age as myself in the office, but I was the most able among them, and I rose above them. Little by little I became acquainted with the mysteries of money-making, and it was not long before I commenced to take advantage of the knowledge I gained. I began to trade upon the plots and schemes of the money men. Others lost; I gained. Others were ruined; I was prospering. In time to come, I said, I shall ride in my brougham—like my master. In time to come, I shall own a fine house—like my master. I never paused to consider whether he was happy. I knew that he was rich; I knew that he had a fine wife and a fine daughter, a fine house and a fine carriage. His wife was a fine lady—a fashionable lady—who, when I saw her in her carriage, looked as if life were a weariness to her; her daughter was growing into the likeness of her mother. I know now that he was an unhappy man, and that his pleasures were not derived through home associations.



"ALONE IN THIS DESOLATE HOUSE."

A clerk—Sydney by name—over whose head I had risen, had often invited me to visit him; I spent one Sunday with him. He lived half a dozen miles from the City, and his salary at the time I visited him was a hundred and seventy-five pounds a year. I was then making, with my salary and speculations, at least a thousand. He was a married man, with a pretty wife and a baby. The house in which they lived was small, and there was a garden attached to it. After dinner we sat in the garden and talked; he told his wife what a clever fellow I was, and how I had risen over all of them. I told him that he could do as well as I if he chose, although I was inwardly sure he could not, for his qualities were different from mine. "You have only to speculate," I said. He returned a foolish answer. "This is my speculation," he said, pinching his wife's cheek. "Is it a good one?" his wife asked, merrily. I do not know what there was in the look he gave her which caused her to bend toward him and kiss him; I think there were tears in her eyes too. "Well," I said, "every one to his taste." "Just so," he replied, with his arm round his wife's waist. I remember these incidents very well, although so many years have passed, for the day was a memorable one. In the evening, your mother, then a single girl, came in with her father. They and the Sydneys were friends.

Now to whom am I speaking? To myself or to you? Shall I go on with my confession, and go on without moral trickery, or shall I tear up these sheets, and deaden my memory with excess of some kind? It is rather late in life for me to commence this latter course. I have often been drunk with excitement, but never with wine. My life has been a steady one, and it has been my study to keep a guard over myself. Indeed, it has been necessary for success, and I *have* succeeded. "When the wine is in, the wit is out"—a true proverb. Why am I debating about my course? I have already decided that I will speak plainly, and will strip myself of all reserve. When I have finished, I can destroy. I will not waver; I will go on to the end.

Even if you do read what I write, it will not matter to me. I shall have gone, and shall not know. Stop, though. You, as a clergyman, would tell me otherwise, and would doubtless, if you had the opportunity, instruct me in my ignorance; you would enlighten my darkness, to use a common phrase. I have never considered it before; but I suppose I am a Christian. Is that a phrase also? To speak without reserve, as I have resolved to do, it is to me nothing more than a name. If the question, What has been your religion? were put to me, and I were compelled to answer (again without moral trickery), I should answer, Money. These reflections have come to me without foreshadowing, and I set them down. If they cause you to be sad, think for a moment. How many Christians do you know? I could argue with you now, if you were here. Christianity, as I have heard (not as I have seen), can not mean a set belief in certain narrow doctrines; it can not include trickery and false-dealing in worldly matters. It means, as I have heard and not seen, the practical adoption of a larger view of humanity than now obtains. Certain self-sacrifices, certain tolerations, which are not seen except in the quixotic, are included in this larger view. I repeat my question: How many Christians do you know?

A bitter mood is upon me; it may divert me from my purpose. I will lay down my pen, and look into the shadows.

What have I seen after an interval of I do not know how many minutes? Shadows in the future. Shadows from the past. Shadows all around me as I sit—in the room, in the garden, in the river. Stay. I see a light coming into the sky. The waters of the river are trembling. The moon is rising.

Andrew, I loved your mother. I never told her this in words; but she knew it. There was a time, I have sometimes thought, when I might have won her. But I held back until, so far as she herself was concerned, it was too late. If she had not met your father (she had not seen him when I first met her), and if she had not loved him, I should still have held back. For my design then was to marry money, if I married at all. My master had married money. Other rich men, to whose height I had hoped to rise, had married money. I would do the same. Love was a dream to be blotted out. It stopped advancement. I strove to blot out my love for your mother, but I could not. I did the next best thing; I strove to conceal it. Even in that attempt, however, I was not successful. The Sydneys, whose house I frequently visited in the hope of meeting her, saw it, and threw us much together. Mrs. Sydney said to me once, out of her ignorance, "See how happy we are! You can be the same if you please." I smiled, but did not reply. I could be the same if I pleased! Why, I could have bought them up twenty times over. Sydney himself owed me money, having been duped by a friend, as foolish persons almost always are. I have never been duped by a friend in all my long life. I have lost money in the way of business, but I have never been duped by a friend. Life is an intellectual battle. Those win whose wits are the sharpest.

Your mother and I grew very intimate. I interested her in my career, although I never entered into the details of my successes. I told her only the results. Her father encouraged our intimacy. I had already lent *him* money. About this time I saw signs of an approaching panic. I said to myself, "This is your chance; there will be precious pickings in the ruins. Sharpen your wits; now is your time." I gathered in my money; I studied the signs with a cool head. I mentioned the matter, under the seal of secrecy, to your mother. "If all goes well," I said, "in six months I shall be worth so-and-so." Your mother answered, "But how about the people with whom all will go ill?" I said, gayly, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison. If I don't gather, others will." The panic came and passed, and did not leave me a mourner. England was strewn with wrecks, but I was safe; I was one of the fortunate wreckers. It was an anxious time; sharp wits were about, but few sharper than mine; and every man's hand was against his neighbor. Thousands of weak ones lost their all, and thousands more were bruised to death in rash attempts to recover what they had lost. I saw them struggling all around me, and I saw here and there a foolish one holding out a helping hand, and being dragged into the whirlpool for his pains. When the storm passed, and the sky became clear, the land was filled with mourning. Among the foolish ones was Sydney. How could such a man expect to get on in the world? "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." What wisdom there is in many of these proverbs! There were very few smiling faces after the storm; but mine was one. I had netted thirty thousand pounds. This was the solid commencement of my fortune.

During this time I had but little leisure, and I saw scarcely any thing of your mother. Now that the struggle was over, I went to her to tell her of my successes. Then I learned that her father had been ruined in the panic, and that, if it had not been for a friend who sacrificed his small fortune for them, they would have been turned out of house and home. This friend was your father. He was a friend also to Sydney; and it was with his money, I believe, that Sydney discharged his debt to me; I had other security, but I was glad that there was no need to enforce it.

I held my passion in full control when I was told that your mother was engaged to be married. It was bitter to bear, but I argued with myself that it was best so; I *might* have done a foolish thing. A coldness sprang up between the Sydneys and me, and our intimacy weakened. It was natural, for our positions were very different from what they were a few months before. I had risen, and he had fallen. We were not upon an equality.

I never saw your mother after she was married. Engrossed in the purpose of my life, deeply engaged in schemes involving large interests, rising and prospering, amassing and accumulating, I lost sight of her. But I did not entirely forget her. Now and again, in my calmer moments, when a great venture had been brought to a successful issue and I had added to my store, or when the fever of a great speculation was over, I thought of her with a certain tenderness and a certain regret; but I strove to find happiness in my money. Did I find it? No.

No; I did not find it. Looking back into my life, with all its cares and anxious struggles, I know that I was never happy. Looking upon myself now, as I sit in my great house, an old man, writing my confession, I know that I am an utterly miserable man. Yet are not most men unhappy? It seems so to me. Then I am no different from others, and under any other circumstances I should be as I am. Should I? Supposing I had married, and had children who loved me. There would be consolation in that, surely. Children, wife, friends, who loved me! Answer me, Myself. Is there any one living being in this big world who thinks of you with affection, who pauses now and then to give you a thought of love? Answer honestly. Not one!

Is it fancy, and am I working myself into a morbid state of feeling? From the dense shadows that lurk in the corners of the room seemed to come an echo of the unspoken words —Not one! The air seemed to carry the words to the river—Not one! The river is flowing to the sea—to the vast unseen waters which in my present mood I liken to the future into which my life will sink, unremembered, unblessed.

Most men are unhappy, I have said. Well, it is so in my experience. But I must remember that, devoted as I have been to my one purpose, I may not have had opportunities of judging, so that my view may be a narrow one. The Sydneys were happy; I am sure of it. Even after the panic which enriched me and impoverished him, I have seen him on the top of an omnibus, after business hours, on his way home, with happiness in his face. Home! Is this my house a home? I have seen glimpses of happiness also elsewhere, and always, as I now recognize, in connection with women and children.

I thought often of your mother; but years passed, and I made no effort to see her. One day among my letters was one with a black envelope. I have the letter by me now. Knowing what I was about to write, I brought it with me from my study. You will recognize your mother's writing. I will place it after these words, so that, should these pages come to your hands, you may read it in its natural order.

> "MY DEAR SIR,—You will be surprised to receive a letter from me, but not angry, I hope. You will regard it with kindly feelings, perhaps, when I tell you that when you read it I shall be in my grave. I come to you a suppliant, and with all the earnestness of my soul I pray that I may not write in vain. My husband—whom I shall soon see again—died three years since, leaving me with a child, a boy, in whom you will see a resemblance to the girl to whom you used to confide your hopes and plans. He has his father's mouth, but he has my eyes and hair. I was very, very happy with my husband, who was a good man, but not fortunate in worldly matters. I used sometimes to wish that you could have visited us, and seen our happy little home. But you were too far removed from us in station; I often heard of your great successes in life, and was very, very glad to know that you had gained what you most desired. When my husband died, he left me very poor. Can you guess now—you who must receive so many applications from the unfortunate—my purpose in writing to you?
>
> "The doctor tells me I have not many days to live. I may live a month, he says; I may die to-morrow; and my child will be left quite penniless and unprovided for. I made up my mind to write before my strength fails me. Will you befriend my orphan boy? I do not know what words to use to strengthen my appeal. If you were to ask me what it is I wish you to do, and I could answer from my grave, I would say, Arm him for the battle of life; give him some sort of plain and useful education; and, when he is old enough, put him in some way so that he may be able to work for his living. Will you do this for the sake of old times, for the sake of the girl you used to like to chat with, for the sake of charity? When I write my name to this letter, I will kneel down and pray to the Almighty that you will not turn a deaf ear to my appeal, and I will bless you with my dying breath. As you read these words, think that I am by your side, imploring you to say, 'Yes, I will do this out of pity for the orphan and his dead mother, and for the sake of old times.' God prosper you in all your undertakings!—Your old friend and suppliant, ISABEL."

I acted as your mother wished, and you will know if I acted faithfully. You know now why I interested myself in you. Yes, I think there is one living being who will remember me with affection when I am gone.

I am thinking of you now, Andrew, and I am considering whether I shall carry out an idea which has occurred to me with reference to my money. I have nearly run my span of life. Death may, in the natural order of things, claim me at any moment. Say it claims me to-morrow, and I die without a will, what will become of the great fortune I shall leave behind me? Litigation will ensue. The lawyers will have a banquet. You said once, "If there were in the world one lawyer where now there are a hundred, the world would be the better for it, and justice would be more easily administered." Well, the law shall not juggle with my money if I live another week; neither shall you have it for your own use; no, not one shilling of it. And yet, if I keep in my present mind, you shall have the entire control of it, and shall have the power of disposing of it in any way you please—except for your own benefit. I know that I can trust you thoroughly; there is not another man in the world whom I would dream of placing such confidence in. It was my desire that you should take my name after my death, and spend my money in such a manner as to make the name a great one in society. As that satisfaction is denied to me, and as you say that "money is only sweet when it is well spent," use mine in fulfillment of your sentiment. The more I think of it the more am I disposed to regard my scheme with favor. To-morrow morning I will go to my lawyer, who will communicate with you soon after my death. You may be sure that every thing will be plainly set down, and that you will not be able to appropriate the money to your own private use. But I must be just. Every laborer is worthy of his hire. If the administration of the trust occupies the chief portion of your time, you shall be warranted in drawing from the funds the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum—to cease immediately your labors cease.

* * * * * *

It is long past midnight. As I look out of the window, I see that the moon has risen, and that the heavens are filled with stars. My garden is really beautiful now, with the light shining upon it. I have never seen my property present so fair an aspect as it does at this present moment. The river is very beautiful also. I will go out and stroll along the banks, or sit and muse, as the whim seizes me. Shall I wish you "Good-night" before I go? No, I will wait until I return.

* * * * * *

Three hours have passed since I wrote the last words. I have heard no human voice, and yet it seems to me that I have heard voices. The air has grown very sweet. Flecks of gold are coming into the sky. I have watched their faint color grow strong. It is sunrise: a golden mist is rising from the water. I can not tell you what has passed through my mind during the last few hours. I can not tell you what is in it now. I can scarcely comprehend it myself, but I feel happier than I have felt for some time. I can not wish you Good-night, for the night has passed. Good-morning, Andrew!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOLMAN HUNT'S "SHADOW OF DEATH."

By M. D. CONWAY.

LONDON, *November* 28, 1873.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has painted in Palestine, and brought home with him to England, a very important picture on a sacred subject, which is pretty certain to make a stir in artistic circles. The picture is to be exhibited to the public next week. I have to-day had the pleasure of examining it in company of the artist, and am prepared to give some account of a work which represents the most important realistic effort that has ever been made in this country. Mr. Hunt has put forth a little statement, from which I will first quote some sentences. "This picture," he says, "was painted in the conviction that Art, as one of its uses, may be employed to realize facts of importance in the history of human thought and faith." He thinks that the rule which has obtained among scholars of Scriptural history by reference to still-existing Oriental customs has enabled the public of to-day to be better judges of sacred scenes than the old masters. He then continues: "Of late years, on all hands, special interest has been manifested in the human life of Jesus of Nazareth by writers of the widest differences of view. In old days diverse motives compelled painters to dwell more frequently upon the miraculous, the mysterious, and the simply sublime events of His history than on those which engage us now; and so it has come about that to this day there is no picture representing Christ in full manhood, enduring the burden of common toil. One of the problems of our age concerns the duty of the workman; His life, as now examined, furnishes an example of the dignity of labor."

It has been many years now since Holman Hunt could be regarded as a resident of England. The bereavement which left him a widower in his youth seems to have influenced his essentially religious temperament to seek some solitude where he might consecrate himself to such aspirations as could for him be only expressed in and by his art. So he disappeared from the high London society which prized him, and has ever since dwelt chiefly in Palestine as an anchorite of art. From beneath that shadow of his own life has come the present picture, the "Shadow of Death," which was begun on a house roof in Bethlehem in 1868, and was nearly all painted in a carpenter's shop. With full sketches and studies he proceeded to Nazareth for the scenery which was essential to his subject. Then he went to Jerusalem, where he worked upon the picture until last autumn, when he brought it to England. From that time to this it has been in his studio here, receiving now and then new touches. And now it is before us, completed—a work into which more sorrow, devotion, and even passion have gone than in any one among ten thousand which this country has produced. Mr. Ruskin once said that when a German painted a religious subject there seemed to be written all over it, "See how pious I am!" and when an Englishman painted a religious subject there seemed to be all over it, "See how impious I am!" Certainly no one can read either of these on Holman Hunt's "Shadow of Death." The feeling produced on my own mind after long gazing upon it is of a mind which has lived in the atmosphere of a certain region of holy association until its horizon has shut out the rest of the world, leaving but one outlook for it: through that window alone intellect, imagination, feeling, must all look and find play—through that or not at all. And as the artist has an imagination which could not be quite imprisoned, he has set it to work, and lifted its environment, as the birds in Pilpay's fable lifted the fowler's net and carried it through the air. He has invented a sort of mystical miracle—a quite new one. The theme of it is that the mother of Jesus, finding him growing on into manhood without giving any sign of the great future that had been foretold by the songs of angels and the star which attended his birth, is fain to recur from time to time to the rich gifts left by the magi who journeyed from the East, and thereby, as it were, to strengthen her faith. She appears thus engaged in the picture: a graceful figure, tenderly draped in blue, kneeling beside a rich chased ivory chest, whose lid she has just lifted, disclosing various treasures, the chief of them being a gorgeous crown, which has (significantly) long and sharp points around it, which may suggest either golden rays or golden thorns. We do not see her face, for it has been drawn aside, as her eye is caught by—the Shadow. Jesus, weary with his work, has paused, and stands (front view) with face turned upward—a face full of painful longing. He has cast his arms upward, as if stretching himself after long toil. The shadow of his thin form and outstretched arms blend with a row of tools set along the wall, making the semblance of a crucifixion. This is the story told on a canvas some ten or twelve feet in height by from eight to ten in width.

On beholding it one can hardly fail to be surprised. There is a strangely modern effect produced by the appliances of the carpenter's work—the trestle, saw, auger, drills, mandrels, plumb-line; they are all there, and in general shape resemble those now in use in London. It is true that on near examination some differences appear. The handle of the saw is peculiar, and its teeth incline upward (as is still the case in Egypt), so that the cut is made by the pulling stroke. Yet Mr. Holman Hunt does not indulge in anachronisms, and there is certainly no better authority than he on Oriental matters. He says that all of these implements are modeled after those actually preserved, or designs of them on ancient monuments known to be of a date anterior to Christ, while similar to implements still in use in Syria. These implements were modeled on a collection of ancient tools now at Bethlehem. Then one is astonished to see in Christ a figure (the drapery is very slight) of ruddy, almost reddish, bronze—much the color of a Parsee of India. Most persons are accustomed to think of Jesus as having been a blonde, and though of course that is out of the question, few can be prepared for the complexion given him in this picture. Mr. Hunt tells me that he found it almost impossible to find in Syria any workman even as light as this to be his model. The average complexion is far darker. The few that have lighter complexions are not to be found among working people, and it was of the essence of his design to represent Jesus as a workman.

I must not take up much space with my own impressions or criticisms. I could not help feeling that the artist would have done better, so far as the moral sentiment of the picture is concerned, if he had put less dissatisfaction and weariness with work in the face of Christ, and more of longing for harder—if higher—work, as when he said, "How am I straitened till it be accomplished!" There is, too, something anomalous, to my eye, in the pink-faint belt and lace with which the workman's loins are girded, and also in the very rich raiment of his mother, beside the surrounding evidences of heavy toil. It must have been, according to this, a gorgeous kind of poverty they had in those days. In short, it is certain that even after making the effort to paint Mary and her Son as humble people, the artist has not succeeded. Tradition has been too strong for him. The carpenter's shop is touched all about with royal colors (for it would seem we shall never find higher symbols than those of royalty). Mary's head-dress, the "aghal," a bright red fillet with double tassel, which has fallen from her head to the feet of Jesus, the peep from the richly carved ivory box of the crown, the fine enameled censer—these all forbid the feeling that "the curse of Adam" rests very heavily on this little household of Nazareth. I remember remarking in the Oberammergau Passion Play that whereas all the disciples were barefoot, Jesus wore fine silk stockings. The degree to which similar ornamentations occur in this picture convey an impression that Jesus is going through his mechanical apprenticeship mechanically, as a part of some official scheme. One other fault, as it seems to me, may be found in the excessively attenuated form of Jesus. Every muscle is delineated, and the sinews are visible like cords. It might do for John of the Desert, whose meat was locust-pods and wild honey, or for a Bedouin dervish, but hardly for Him who "came eating and drinking."

But if the faults are few, the felicities are many. Though Mary's face is turned away, one can see its expression in her whole form. The face of Christ is one of the very few which I have ever seen which are at all real. It is a remarkable fact that of the young men who started out many years ago as the "Pre-Raphaelite Brothers," two have painted heads of Christ which represent Him as a man of the people. Rossetti painted Jesus at the house of Simon fixing His eye upon the Magdalen, as she passed along the street, with such mesmeric power that she leaves the party of revelers which she is leading, tears off her garlands, and rushes in at the open door to cast herself at His feet. And now Holman Hunt has painted His face as that of a bronzed workman, with dark reddish hair falling down almost shaggily upon His shoulders. His mouth is half open, as if there might be escaping an exclamation of impatience at this first martyrdom of toil. There is no nimbus around His head, but the artist has made the head stand just against the curve of an open arched window, which shapes the blue sky beyond into a sympathetic crescent round His head.

The outlook from this window is beautiful indeed. On the spectator's left are seen the hills of Galilee, with Gebel-al-Coovies (Hill of Precipitation), and from these the plain of Jezreel (wherein is the fountain near which Saul pitched his camp), stretching away to the mountains of Gilboa. These rise to a horizon of soft purple mist, which artfully blends with the faint yellow light, which in a horizon is always full of mystical suggestiveness. Above is the perfect azure. Not far from the window on the spectator's right stands out the foliage of a fig-tree, whose trunk is concealed. The architecture, the landscape, the harmonies of color, are all perfect, and there can be no doubt that this is a really great picture.

Mr. Hunt has a strong desire to have this picture exhibited in America; but an attempt which he once made to send over his "Light of the World" failed by reason of the large customs duties which he found would be added to other costs, and it is probable that it will be the same in this case. The picture has already, I believe, been sold for £12,000; but when it is considered that it represents the entire work of the artist for nearly five years, the sum is less startling. The engraving has been intrusted to Mr. F. Stacpoole, and the design for it will be made by the artist himself. The size of the engraving will be twenty-eight by nineteen inches, exclusive of margin, and subscriptions are opened for artist's proofs, signed, at ten guineas, proofs before letters at seven guineas, lettered proofs at five, and plain impressions at three guineas.

Mr. Holman Hunt was born in 1827. In 1846 he exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy. The subjects which he adopted in earlier days were of the mediæval-poetic kind. "The Flight of Madeline and Porphyro"—Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*—(1848), "Rienzi vowing to obtain Justice for the Death of his younger Brother" (1849), and a picture of "Dr. Rochecliffe performing Divine Service in the Cottage of Joceline Joliffe at Woodstock," were pictures that attracted much attention in their day. But it was in his twenty-fourth year that the first indications of his mystical and religious genius began to appear. In 1850 he painted a very powerful picture, which represented "A converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids," and this was followed, in 1852, by a symbolical picture of the "Hireling Shepherd." Mr. Ruskin singled him out at the beginning of his career as one very limited in subject, but unequaled for his "keen eye for truth" and "power so universal." In 1853 Mr. Hunt made efforts in more conventional directions—"Claudio and Isabella," "Our English Coasts," etc. But when, in 1854, he produced his "Awakening Conscience," Ruskin proclaimed it a first-fruit of the day when the artist should be also poet. When the "Light of the World" came, Ruskin pronounced it "the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power which the world has yet produced." He (Ruskin) wrote letters to the *Times* explaining the mystical meanings of the two pictures just named.

From this time Mr. Hunt's destiny was fixed; he had touched the religious heart of England as no artist had ever done before, and he went on slowly but surely—there being an interval of four years between his "Scape-Goat," whose scene was the weird coast of the Red Sea (1856), and his "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple" (1860). None of his pictures, however, will, I venture to predict, have excited so much attention as the "Shadow of Death," which is not unlikely to be almost revolutionary in its effect upon the world of art, and, one may almost say, upon the world of theology also. Theologians and art critics will have it between them. If such a painter as Holman Hunt had lived a thousand years ago, these pictures of his would be glorifying the cathedral walls which now respond with gray dullness to the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust's sermons. The toiling millions of England will never gaze upon this picture, nor learn from it how that their yearning after liberation from toil may have just behind it the Shadow of Death. But, on the other hand, it may suggest to many of those who will look upon it—the people of wealth and power—that the discontent of the workman with his drudgery may not be always sufficiently met with the cry of Pharaoh, "Ye are idle! ye are idle!" It may be a discontent that appeals from accidental work to real, from imposed and hereditary toil to that which is born in the heart—it may be the craving for toil more severe, and hard by a cross! But whatever may be the most emphatic of the many languages this picture utters to the England of to-day, it can hardly fail to utter a great solemn word for Humanity.

THE FORMATION OF CLOUDS.

MÜHRY has lately presented, in a very impressive manner, the conclusions deducible from some observations published by Meissner, in 1863, on the formation of vapor vesicles and of clouds. The researches of Meissner were mainly directed to the relations of ozone and antozone, and it was only as one of the incidental results of his work that he announced that, without the presence of oxygen in the air, there could be no clouds. In regard to this important point Meissner's researches have apparently not attracted the attention that is due them, and Mühry urges that meteorologists and physicists are not yet to consider that the question of the existence of vesicles of vapor has been settled in the negative. Basing his conclusions on Meissner's researches, Mühry says that the condensation and precipitation of aqueous vapor would take place immediately, in the form of small drops, if it were not for the presence of oxygen in the air; that this gas itself brings about the transition stage—the vapor vesicle. The experiments of Meissner consisted in confining within the receiver of an air-pump a mixture of aqueous vapor and the gas to be experimented on. By a rapid stroke of the piston the mixture is then quite suddenly expanded, and the cooling due to expansion produces a precipitation of a portion of the inclosed vapor. The faint cloud that is seen by close observation within the receiver continues but a few minutes, and was first observed with special care by Saussure, in 1783. Meissner, however, has shown that when other gases replace the air within the receiver, the condensation in general takes place not in the form of a cloud, but of fine light drops that fall directly to the bottom, the cloud being produced only when oxygen is present, either pure or mixed with other gases. These experiments have been repeatedly and very carefully made by Meissner with air, nitrogen, hydrogen, carbonic acid gas, and in pure aqueous vapor alone, and in various mixtures of these gases. Meissner further measured the exact degree of expansion needed to produce these vapor clouds, and found that saturated air at 30.0 inches deposited its vapor when the pressure is suddenly reduced to 21.4 inches; by a second step he passed from saturated air at 21.4 inches to 16.1 inches, when a somewhat fainter cloud was formed; the third cloud was formed on passing from 16.1 to 13.8 inches, the fourth on passing from 13.8 to 10.7, and a fifth on passing from 10.7 to 8.5 inches. These barometric pressures correspond respectively to altitudes above the sea of about 8000, 15,000, 19,000, 23,000, and 27,000 feet, and the clouds successively formed were of diminishing grades of delicacy, those formed in the rarest medium being extremely delicate and evanescent. For all further degrees of expansion Meissner was unable to perceive any cloud vesicles, although minute transparent drops were present. These results would be directly applicable to our atmosphere had Meissner been able to reduce the temperature of his receiver to that experienced in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

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THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," etc., etc.

BOOK TWELFTH.

CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had De Mauléon quitted Lemercier before the latter was joined by two loungers scarcely less famished than himself—Savarin and De Brézé. Like himself, too, both had been sufferers from illness, though not of a nature to be consigned to a hospital. All manner of diseases then had combined to form the pestilence which filled the streets with unregarded hearses—bronchitis, pneumonia, small-pox, a strange sort of spurious dysentery much more speedily fatal than the genuine. The three men, a year before so sleek, looked like ghosts under the withering sky; yet all three retained embers of the native Parisian humor, which their very breath on meeting sufficed to kindle up into jubilant sparks or rapid flashes.

"There are two consolations," said Savarin, as the friends strolled, or rather crawled, toward the Boulevards—"two consolations for the *gourmet* and for the proprietor in these days of trial for the gourmand, because the price of truffles is come down."

"Truffles!" gasped De Brézé, with watering mouth; "impossible! They are gone with the age of gold."

"Not so. I speak on the best authority—my laundress; for she attends the *succursale* in the Rue de Châteaudun; and if the poor woman, being, luckily for me, a childless widow, gets a morsel she can spare, she sells it to me."

"Sells it!" feebly exclaimed Lemercier. "Crœsus! you have money, then, and can buy?"

"Sells it—on credit! I am to pension her for life if I live to have money again. Don't interrupt me. This honest woman goes this morning to the *succursale*. I promise myself a delicious *bifteck* of horse. She gains the *succursale*, and the *employé* informs her that there is nothing left in his store except—truffles. A glut of those in the market allows him to offer her a bargain—seven francs *la boîte*. Send me seven francs, De Brézé, and you shall share the banquet."

De Brézé shook his head expressively.

"But," resumed Savarin, "though credit exists no more except with my laundress, upon terms of which the usury is necessarily proportioned to the risk, yet, as I had the honor before to observe, there is comfort for the proprietor. The instinct of property is imperishable."

"Not in the house where I lodge," said Lemercier. "Two soldiers were billeted there; and during my stay in the ambulance they enter my rooms and cart away all of the little furniture left there, except a bed and a table. Brought before a court-martial, they defend themselves by saying, 'The rooms were abandoned.' The excuse was held valid. They were let off with a reprimand, and a promise to restore what was not already disposed of. They have restored me another table and four chairs."

"Nevertheless they had the instinct of property, though erroneously developed, otherwise they would not have deemed any excuse for their act necessary. Now for my instance of the inherent tenacity of that instinct. A worthy citizen in want of fuel sees a door in a garden wall, and naturally carries off the door. He is apprehended by a *gendarme* who sees the act. '*Voleur*,' he cries to the *gendarme*, 'do you want to rob me of my property?' 'That door your property? I saw you take it away.' 'You confess,' cries the citizen, triumphantly—'you confess that it is my property; for you saw me appropriate it.' Thus you see how imperishable is the instinct of property. No sooner does it disappear as yours than it re-appears as mine."

"I would laugh if I could," said Lemercier, "but such a convulsion would be fatal. *Dieu des dieux*, how empty I am!" He reeled as he spoke, and clung to De Brézé for support. De Brézé had the reputation of being the most selfish of men. But at that moment, when a generous man might be excused for being selfish enough to desire to keep the little that he had for his own reprieve from starvation, this egotist became superb. "Friends," he cried, with enthusiasm, "I have something yet in my pocket: we will dine, all three of us."

"Dine!" faltered Lemercier. "Dine! I have not dined since I left the hospital. I breakfasted yesterday—on two mice upon toast. Dainty, but not nutritious. And I shared them with Fox."

"Fox! Fox lives still, then?" cried De Brézé, startled.

"In a sort of a way he does. But one mouse since yesterday morning is not much; and he can't expect that every day."

"Why don't you take him out?" asked Savarin. "Give him a chance of picking up a bone somewhere."

"I dare not. He would be picked up himself. Dogs are getting very valuable: they sell for fifty francs apiece.—Come, De Brézé, where are we to dine?"

"I and Savarin can dine at the London Tavern upon rat *pâté* or jugged cat. But it would be impertinence to invite a satrap like yourself, who has a whole dog in his larder—a dish of fifty francs—a dish for a king. Adieu, my dear Frederic. *Allons*, Savarin."

"I feasted you on better meats than dog when I could afford it," said Frederic, plaintively; "and the first time you invite me you retract the invitation. Be it so. *Bon appetit*."

"*Bah!*" said De Brézé, catching Frederic's arm as he turned to depart. "Of course I was but jesting. Only another day, when my pockets will be empty, do think what an excellent thing a roasted dog is, and make up your mind while Fox has still some little flesh on his bones."

"Flesh!" said Savarin, detaining them. "Look! See how right Voltaire was in saying, 'Amusement is the first necessity of civilized man.' Paris can do without bread: Paris still retains Polichinello."

He pointed to the puppet-show, round which a crowd, not of children alone, but of men—middle-aged and old—were collected, while sous were dropped into the tin handed round by a squalid boy.

"And, *mon ami*," whispered De Brézé to Lemercier, with the voice of a tempting fiend, "observe how Punch is without his dog."

It was true. The dog was gone—its place supplied by a melancholy emaciated cat.

Frederic crawled toward the squalid boy. "What has become of Punch's dog?"

"We ate him last Sunday. Next Sunday we shall have the cat in a pie," said the urchin, with a sensual smack of the lips.

"Oh, Fox! Fox!" murmured Frederic, as the three men went slowly down through the darkening streets—the roar of the Prussian guns heard afar, while distinct and near rang the laugh of the idlers round the Punch without a dog.

CHAPTER III.

While De Brézé and his friends were feasting at the *Café Anglais*, and faring better than the host had promised—for the bill of fare comprised such luxuries as ass, mule, pease, fried potatoes, and Champagne (Champagne in some mysterious way was inexhaustible during the time of famine)—a very different group had assembled in the rooms of Isaura Cicogna. She and the Venosta had hitherto escaped the extreme destitution to which many richer persons had been reduced. It is true that Isaura's fortune, placed in the hands of the absent Louvier, and invested in the new street that was to have been, brought no return. It was true that in that street the Venosta, dreaming of cent. per cent., had invested all her savings. But the Venosta, at the first announcement of war, had insisted on retaining in hand a small sum from the amount Isaura had received from her "*roman*," that might suffice for current expenses, and with yet more acute foresight had laid in stores of provisions and fuel immediately after the probability of a siege became apparent. But even the provident mind of the Venosta had never foreseen that the siege would endure so long, or that the prices of all articles of necessity would rise so high. And meanwhile all resources—money, fuel, provisions—had been largely drawn upon by the charity and benevolence of Isaura, without much remonstrance on the part of the Venosta, whose nature was very accessible to pity. Unfortunately, too, of late money and provisions had failed to Monsieur and Madame Rameau, their income consisting partly of rents, no longer paid, and the profits of a sleeping partnership in the old shop, from which custom had departed; so that they came to share the fireside and meals at the rooms of their son's *fiancée* with little scruple, because utterly unaware that the money retained and the provisions stored by the Venosta were now nearly exhausted.

The patriotic ardor which had first induced the elder Rameau to volunteer his services as a National Guard had been ere this cooled if not suppressed, first by the hardships of the duty, and then by the disorderly conduct of his associates, and their ribald talk and obscene songs. He was much beyond the age at which he could be registered. His son was, however, compelled to become his substitute, though from his sickly health and delicate frame attached to that portion of the National Guard which took no part in actual engagements, and was supposed to do work on the ramparts and maintain order in the city.

In that duty, so opposed to his tastes and habits, Gustave signalized himself as one of the loudest declaimers against the imbecility of the government, and in the demand for immediate and energetic action, no matter at what loss of life, on the part of all—except the heroic force to which he himself was attached. Still, despite his military labors, Gustave found leisure to contribute to Red journals, and his contributions paid him tolerably well. To do him justice, his parents concealed from him the extent of their destitution, they, on their part, not aware that he was so able to assist them, rather fearing that he himself had nothing else for support but his scanty pay as a National Guard. In fact, of late the parents and son had seen little of each other. M. Rameau, though a Liberal politician, was Liberal as a tradesman, not as a Red Republican or a Socialist. And, though little heeding his son's theories while the empire secured him from the practical effect of them, he was now as sincerely frightened at the chance of the Communists becoming rampant as most of the Parisian tradesmen were. Madame Rameau, on her side, though she had the dislike to aristocrats which was prevalent with her class, was a stanch Roman Catholic, and, seeing in the disasters that had befallen her country the punishment justly incurred by its sins, could not but be shocked by the opinions of Gustave, though she little knew that he was the author of certain articles in certain journals in which these opinions were proclaimed with a vehemence far exceeding that which they assumed in his conversation. She had spoken to him with warm anger, mixed with passionate tears, on his irreligious principles; and from that moment Gustave shunned to give her another opportunity of insulting his pride and depreciating his wisdom.

Partly to avoid meeting his parents, partly because he recoiled almost as much from the *ennui* of meeting the other visitors at her apartments—the Paris ladies associated with her in the ambulance, Raoul de Vandemar, whom he especially hated, and the Abbé Vertpré, who had recently come into intimate friendship with both the Italian ladies—his visits to Isaura had become exceedingly rare. He made his incessant military duties the pretext for absenting himself; and now, on this evening, there were gathered round Isaura's hearth—on which burned almost the last of the hoarded fuel—the Venosta, the two Rameaus, the Abbé Vertpré, who was attached as confessor to the society of which Isaura was so zealous a member. The old priest and the young poetess had become dear friends. There is in the nature of a woman (and especially of a woman at once so gifted and so child-like as Isaura, combining an innate tendency toward faith with a restless inquisitiveness of intellect, which is always suggesting query or doubt) a craving for something afar from the sphere of her sorrow, which can only be obtained through that "bridal of the earth and sky" which we call religion. And hence, to natures like Isaura's, that link between the woman and the priest, which the philosophy of France has never been able to dissever.

"It is growing late," said Madame Rameau; "I am beginning to feel uneasy. Our dear Isaura is not yet returned."

"You need be under no apprehension," said the Abbé. "The ladies attached to the ambulance of which she is so tender and zealous a sister incur no risk. There are always brave men related to the sick and wounded who see to the safe return of the women. My poor Raoul visits that ambulance daily. His kinsman, M. de Rochebriant, is there among the wounded."

"Not seriously hurt, I hope?" said the Venosta; "not disfigured? He was so handsome. It is only the ugly warrior whom a scar on the face improves."

"Don't be alarmed, signora; the Prussian guns spared his face. His wounds in themselves were not dangerous, but he lost a good deal of blood. Raoul and the Christian Brothers found him insensible among a heap of the slain."

"M. de Vandemar seems to have very soon recovered the shock of his poor brother's death," said Madame Rameau. "There is very little heart in an aristocrat."

The Abbé's mild brow contracted. "Have more charity, my daughter. It is because Raoul's sorrow for his lost brother is so deep and so holy that he devotes himself more than ever to the service of the Father which is in heaven. He said, a day or two after the burial, when plans for a monument to Enguerrand were submitted to him, 'May my prayer be vouchsafed, and my life be a memorial of him more acceptable to his gentle spirit than monuments of bronze or marble. May I be divinely guided and sustained in my desire to do such good acts as he would have done had he been spared longer to earth. And whenever tempted to weary, may my conscience whisper, Betray not the trust left to thee by thy brother, lest thou be not reunited to him at last.'"

"Pardon me, pardon!" murmured Madame Rameau, humbly, while the Venosta burst into tears.

The Abbé, though a most sincere and earnest ecclesiastic, was a cheery and genial man of the world; and in order to relieve Madame Rameau from the painful self-reproach he had before excited, he turned the conversation. "I must beware, however," he said, with his pleasant laugh, "as to the company in which I interfere in family questions, and especially in which I defend my poor Raoul from any charge brought against him. For some good friend this day sent me a terrible organ of Communistic philosophy, in which we humble priests are very roughly handled, and I myself am specially singled out by name as a pestilent intermeddler in the affairs of private households. I am said to set the women against the brave men who are friends of the people, and am cautioned by very truculent threats to cease from such villainous practices." And here, with a dry humor that turned into ridicule what would otherwise have excited disgust and indignation among his listeners, he read aloud passages replete with the sort of false eloquence which was then the vogue among the Red journals. In these passages not only the Abbé was pointed out for popular execration, but Raoul de Vandemar, though not expressly named, was clearly indicated as a pupil of the Abbé's, the type of a lay Jesuit.

The Venosta alone did not share in the contemptuous laughter with which the inflated style of these diatribes inspired the Rameaus. Her simple Italian mind was horror-stricken by language which the Abbé treated with ridicule.

"Ah!" said M. Rameau, "I guess the author—that fire-brand Felix Pyat."

"No," answered the Abbé; "the writer signs himself by the name of a more learned atheist—Diderot *le jeune*."

Here the door opened, and Raoul entered, accompanying Isaura. A change had come over the face of the young Vandemar since his brother's death. The lines about the mouth had deepened; the cheeks had lost their rounded contour and grown somewhat hollow; but the expression was as serene as ever, perhaps even less pensively melancholy. His whole aspect was that of a man who has sorrowed, but been supported in sorrow; perhaps it was more sweet—certainly it was more lofty.

And, as if there were in the atmosphere of his presence something that communicated the likeness of his own soul to others, since Isaura had been brought into his companionship, her own lovely face had caught the expression that prevailed in his—that, too, had become more sweet—that, too, had become more lofty.

The friendship that had grown up between these two young mourners was of a very rare nature. It had in it no sentiment that could ever warm into the passion of human love. Indeed, had Isaura's heart been free to give away, love for Raoul de Vandemar would have seemed to her a profanation. He was never more priestly than when he was most tender. And the tenderness of Raoul toward her was that of some saint-like nature toward the acolyte whom it attracted upward. He had once, just before Enguerrand's death, spoken to Isaura with a touching candor as to his own predilection for a monastic life. "The worldly avocations that open useful and honorable careers for others have no charm for me. I care not for riches, nor power, nor honors, nor fame. The austerities of the conventual life have no terror for me; on the contrary, they have a charm, for with them are abstraction from earth and meditation on heaven. In earlier years I might, like other men, have cherished dreams of human love, and felicity in married life, but for the sort of veneration with which I regarded one to whom I owe—humanly speaking—whatever of good there may be in me. Just when first taking my place among the society of young men who banish from their life all thought of another, I came under the influence of a woman who taught me to see that holiness was beauty. She gradually associated me with her acts of benevolence, and from her I learned to love God too well not to be indulgent to his creatures. I know not whether the attachment I felt to her could have been inspired in one who had not from childhood conceived a romance, not perhaps justified by history, for the ideal images of chivalry. My feeling for her at first was that of the pure and poetic homage which a young knight was permitted, *sans reproche*, to render to some fair queen or *châtelaine*, whose colors he wore in the lists, whose spotless repute he would have periled his life to defend. But soon even that sentiment, pure as it was, became chastened from all breath of earthly love in proportion as the admiration refined itself into reverence. She has often urged me to marry, but I have no bride on this earth. I do but want to see Enguerrand happily married, and then I quit the world for the cloister."

But after Enguerrand's death Raoul resigned all idea of the convent. That evening, as he attended to their homes Isaura and the other ladies attached to the ambulance, he said, in answer to inquiries about his mother, "She is resigned and calm; I have promised her I will not, while she lives, bury her other son: I renounce my dreams of the monastery."

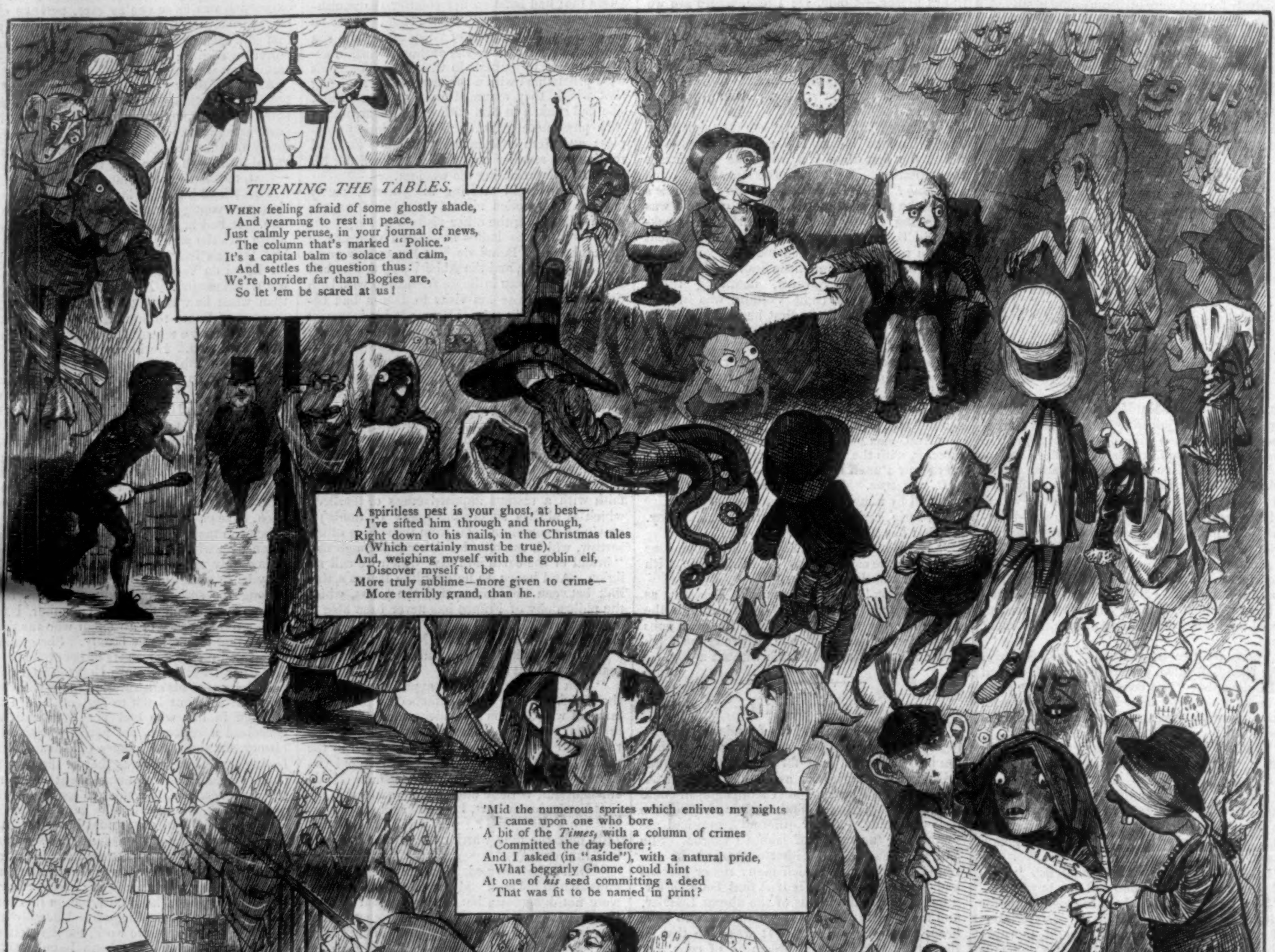
Raoul did not remain many minutes at Isaura's. The Abbé accompanied him on his way home. "I have a request to make to you," said the former; "you know, of course, your distant cousin the Vicomte de Mauléon?"

"Yes. Not so well as I ought, for Enguerrand liked him."

"Well enough, at all events, to call on him with a request which I am commissioned to make, but it might come better from you as a kinsman. I am a stranger to him, and I know not whether a man of that sort would not regard as an officious intermeddling any communication made to him by a priest. The matter, however, is a very simple one. At the convent of —— there is a poor nun who is, I fear, dying. She has an intense desire to see M. de Mauléon, whom she declares to be her uncle, and her only surviving relative. The laws of the convent are not too austere to prevent the interview she seeks in such a case. I should add that I am not acquainted with her previous history. I am not the confessor of the sisterhood; he, poor man, was badly wounded by a chance ball a few days ago when attached to an ambulance on the ramparts. As soon as the surgeon would allow him to see any one he sent for me, and bade me go to the nun I speak of—Sister Ursula. It seems that he had informed her that M. de Mauléon was at Paris, and had promised to ascertain his address. His wound had prevented his doing so, but he trusted to me to procure the information. I am well acquainted with the Supérieure of the convent, and I flatter myself that she holds me in esteem. I had therefore no difficulty to obtain her permission to see this poor nun, which I did this evening. She implored me for the peace of her soul to lose no time in finding out M. de Mauléon's address, and entreating him to visit her. Lest he should demur, I was to give him the name by which he had known her in the world—Louise Duval. Of course I obeyed. The address of a man who has so distinguished himself in this unhappy siege I very easily obtained, and repaired at once to M. de Mauléon's apartment. I there learned that he was from home, and it was uncertain whether he would not spend the night on the ramparts."

"I will not fail to see him early in the morning," said Raoul, "and execute your commission."

[to be continued.]



TURNING THE TABLES.

WHEN feeling afraid of some ghostly shade,
  And yearning to rest in peace,
Just calmly peruse, in your journal of news,
  The column that's marked "Police."
It's a capital balm to solace and calm,
  And settles the question thus:
We're horrider far than Bogies are,
  So let 'em be scared at us!

A spiritless pest is your ghost, at best—
  I've sifted him through and through,
Right down to his nails, in the Christmas tales
  (Which certainly must be true).
And, weighing myself with the goblin elf,
  Discover myself to be
More truly sublime—more given to crime—
  More terribly grand, than he.

'Mid the numerous sprites which enliven my nights
  I came upon one who bore
A bit of the *Times,* with a column of crimes
  Committed the day before;
And I asked (in "aside"), with a natural pride,
  What beggarly Gnome could hint
At one of *his* seed committing a deed
  That was fit to be named in print?

As he read it aloud to a goblin crowd
  I noticed that crowd to quail
With tremulous dread, from the top of its head
  To the tips of its ghostly tail:
It mounted to bed with a fidgety dread,
  And lifted, with nervous care
And timorous hold, the coverlet's fold—
  For fear that a MAN was there!

It *will* be a joke for the Bogy folk
  If, spite of my wonted phlegm,
I suddenly find that I've settled my mind
  On going and haunting *them!*
One don't, you'll agree, very frequently see
  A creature of mortal clay
Nocturnally glide to the Goblin's side
  And frighten his wits away.

THE GHOSTS FRIGHTENED BY MEN.

THE SENATE-CHAMBER.

The United States Senate-Chamber, in the national Capitol at Washington, as may be seen from our illustration, is a spacious and elegant hall. It affords ample accommodations for the members, whose seats are ranged in semicircles in front of the President's desk, and for the spectators who crowd the galleries whenever an important debate is going on, in which public interest is strongly excited. As at present constituted, the Senate, when full, consists of seventy-four members, requiring fifty votes to make a two-thirds majority. Of this number there are forty-nine Republicans, nineteen Democrats, and five Liberals. There is one contested seat, for which Mr. Pinchback, of Louisiana, holds Governor Kellogg's certificate.

At the close of the Forty-third Congress, in March, 1875, the terms of twenty-five of the present Senators will expire—namely: *Republicans*—Buckingham, of Connecticut; Gilbert, of Florida; Pratt, of Indiana; Hamlin, of Maine; Chandler, of Michigan; Ramsey, of Minnesota; Ames, of Mississippi; Stewart, of Nevada; Scott, of Pennsylvania; Sprague, of Rhode Island; Brownlow, of Tennessee; Flanagan, of Texas; Edmunds, of Vermont; Lewis, of Virginia; Boreman, of West Virginia; and Carpenter, of Wisconsin. *Liberal Republicans*—Sumner, of Massachusetts; Schurz, of Missouri; Tipton, of Nebraska; and Fenton, of New York. *Democrats*—Casserly, of California; Bayard, of Delaware; Hamilton, of Maryland; Stockton, of New Jersey; and Thurman, of Ohio. Senator Casserly resigned his seat at the beginning of the present session. His successor, for the remainder of his term, has not been appointed.

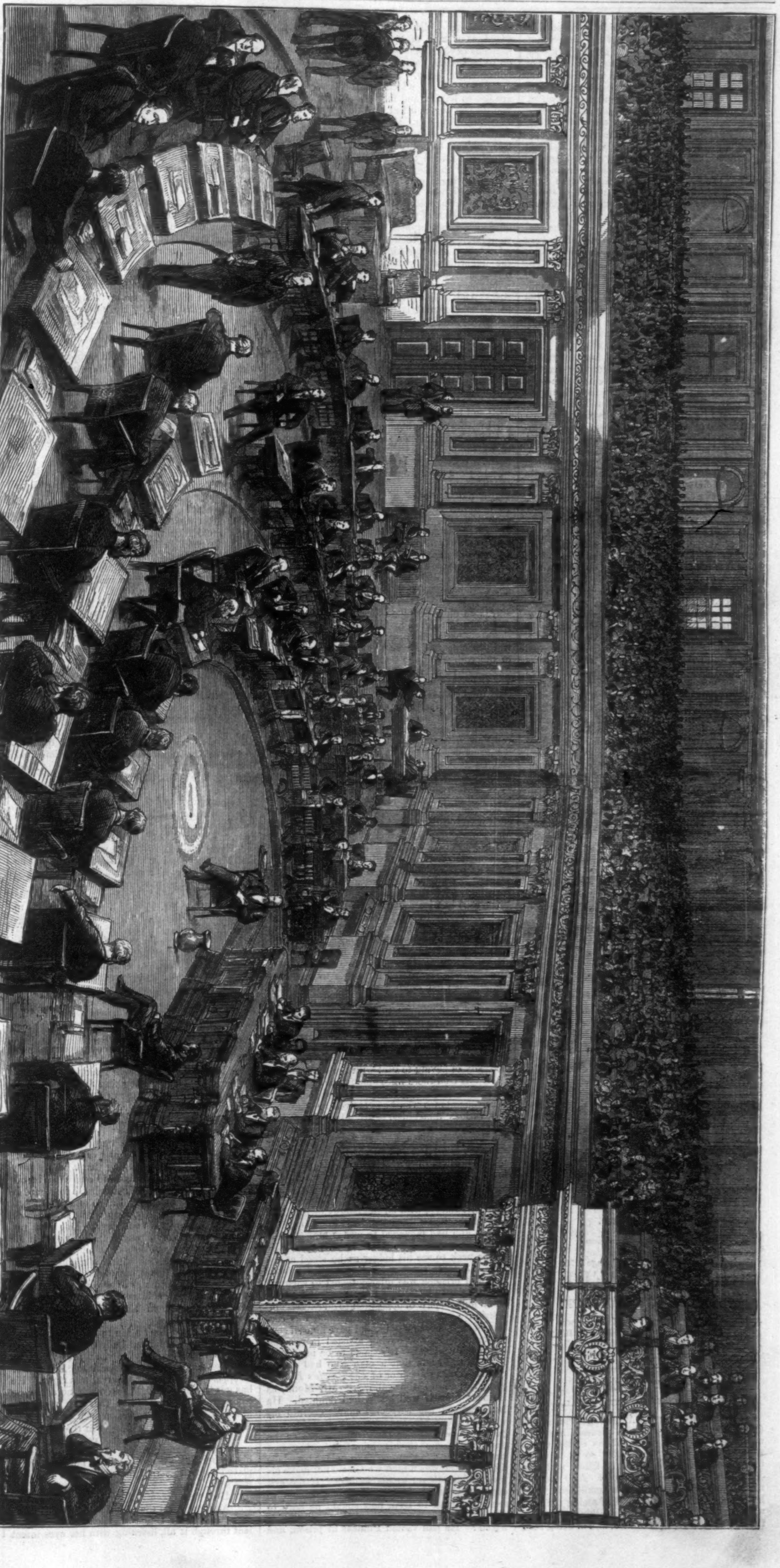
The Senator who has been longest in continuous service is Mr. Sumner. Taking his seat in 1851, he has ever since been one of the representatives of Massachusetts, and is therefore entitled to be considered the father of the Senate. Mr. Cameron, who was a member before him, having first entered in 1845, has never served two consecutive terms. He can not, therefore, compete with Senator Sumner in length of service, nor hardly with Mr. Chandler of Michigan, Mr. Sherman of Ohio, Mr. Anthony of Rhode Island, or Mr. Howe of Wisconsin, each of whom has entered upon his third continuous term. Among the Senators now serving in the second term are Mr. Conkling and Mr. Morton, who have, during their service in the Senate, gained the foremost rank in its councils, and shown their eminent fitness for this high public trust.

But one member of the Senate, Mr. Sumner, is now in the fourth term; four are in the third, ten in the second, sixteen have just entered, and the remainder of the seventy-four members are well along in the first term. Of the new Senators, Mr. Sargent of California, Mr. Allison of Iowa, and Mr. Boutwell of Massachusetts, have had such large experience in the House of Representatives that they can not be called new to legislative business. The Senate is, on the whole, a very able body of men, from whom the country may reasonably expect valuable service.

VESUVIUS.

All around is spread a magnificent prospect. Immediately below lies the Atrio, just above which may be clearly seen the three small craters which gave rise to the lava of 1858; the current itself may be traced running from them against the walls of Somma, then turning to the west, in which direction it is hidden for some short distance by the more recent flows of 1867 and 1868, and again appearing with its ropy structure south of the Salvatore ridge. Shorter currents from the same craters are also seen running eastward, farther into the Atrio. Beyond frown the steep and lofty cliffs of Somma, a little to the west is the ridge of San Salvatore, a fragment of old Somma, standing up amidst black lava flows (1855 and 1868 on the north, and 1767, 1858, and 1867 on the south). Farther off lie the plain, with scattered towns and villages, surrounded by green vineyards, the beautiful bays of Naples and Baiæ, the islands of Ischia and Procida, the old volcanic mountains of the Phlegræan Fields; and farther off still, bounding the fertile plain and marking an old sea-coast, are the higher mountains beyond Capua and the snowy Apennines.

Turning from this magnificent prospect, the crater edge is gained; the sides are seen to slope steeply inward, but the volumes of smoke constantly passing upward hide the structure of the interior except for momentary glimpses. Leaving the edge of this great smoking caldron, some small holes attract attention, holes not more than a yard or so wide,



THE UNITED STATES SENATE IN SESSION.

but of unknown depth, up which is constantly ascending a powerful current of hot air, so that fine sand or fragments of paper thrown in are at once blown forcibly out. Passing round the edge of the crater, a view to the south is obtained; the plain on which Pompeii stood lies directly below, bounded by the mountains behind Castellamare, again forming the boundary of the old sea before mentioned. Across the blue waters of the bay the hills behind Sorrento and the island of Capri please the eye by their soft outline and delicate tint, while black lava flows form a well-contrasted foreground. On the southeast side another flow of the 1867 lava can be traced, while those of 1850 and 1834 run also to the south or southeast, and, far below, the red craters of 1760 are conspicuous.

Having about completed the circuit of the crater, the descent upon the southwest side is very instructive. The first part is made very rapidly, plunging up to the knees in fine black ash (which, near the summit, is quite hot below the surface), accumulated about and among the lava flows of 1834, etc. In this easy manner about half the height of the mountain is descended in a very short time. The ash is for the most part very fine, and on examination is found to contain many separate crystals of leucite and augite. The several little red craters of 1794 are now reached; small model craters, at present very shallow, all close together, and one of them double—the birth-place of the lava stream which destroyed Torre del Greco and ran far out into the sea. Just above these might be observed the sudden termination of a much more recent stream, presenting the appearance of a low line of steep cliff, and far below, only just above Torre del Greco, may be noticed the eleven little craters opened out along a straight line in 1861, and which again threatened the town with destruction. Soon after leaving the craters of 1794 the region of vineyards is once more gained, not before passing, however, signs of their former higher extension in the shape of ruined huts enveloped in lava, yet not overthrown. Sometimes a wall of lava may be seen approaching within a foot or so of a hut, which it may partly surround, yet not overthrow. It seems that such an elastic resisting cushion of hot air is entrapped between the hut walls and the lava as to resist the progress of the latter for some time, though finally it usually curls over the summit of the dwelling and envelops all.

As regards the character of the Vesuvian products, both lava and ashes, a good deal of variety is exhibited. There are the trachytic tufas of earlier eruptions associated with leucitic lavas or graystones: there are basalts of modern eruptions, crystals of augite in a dark matrix, and there are modern leucitic lavas. So that we have the three classes of volcanic rocks represented. 1st. Trachytic, essentially feldspathic. 2d. Basaltic (doleritic), mixture of feldspar and augite, the latter predominating; the augite is often crystallized out in a compact base, formed of mingled feldspathic and augitic matter. 3d. Graystones, an intermediate class, formed of feldspar (or one of its varieties) and augite; in the graystones of Vesuvius leucite takes the place of feldspar, and is frequently crystallized out in a dark augitic base.

MY ONLY LOVE.

My only love is always near—
In country or in town
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

She foots it ever fair and young;
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one ~~is o'er~~ her shoulder flung,
And hangs below her waist.

She ran before me in the meads;
And down this world-worn track
She leads me on; but while she leads
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more;
That wooing voice! Ah me! it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase—
I follow, follow still; but I
Shall never see her face.

(Continued from No. 887, page 1176.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TRIAL.

The task of seeing an important trial at the Old Bailey is by no means a pleasant business, unless you be what the denizens of the Court would call "one of the swells," so as to enjoy the privilege of being a bench-fellow with the judge on the seat of judgment. And even in that case the pleasure is not unalloyed. You have, indeed, the gratification of seeing the man whom all the world has been talking about for the last nine days, face to face, and of being seen in a position which causes you to be acknowledged as a man of mark; but the intolerable stenches of the Court and its horrid heat come up to you there, no doubt, as powerfully as they fall on those below. And then the tedium of a prolonged trial, in which the points of interest are apt to be few and far between, grows upon you till you begin to feel that though the Prime Minister who is out should murder the Prime Minister who is in, and all the members of the two Cabinets were to be called in evidence, you would not attend the trial, though the seat of honor next to the judge were accorded to you. Those bewigged ones, who are the performers, are so insufferably long in their parts, so arrogant in their bearing—so it strikes you, though doubtless the fashion of working has been found to be efficient for the purposes they have in hand—and so uninteresting in their repetition, that you first admire, and then question, and at last execrate the imperturbable patience of the judge, who might, as you think, force the thing through in a quarter of the time without any injury to justice. And it will probably strike you that the length of the trial is proportioned not to the complicity, but to the importance, or rather to the public interest, of the case; so that the trial which has been suggested of a disappointed and bloody-minded ex-Prime Minister would certainly take at least a fortnight, even though the Speaker of the House of Commons and the Lord Chancellor had seen the blow struck, whereas a collier may knock his wife's brains out in the dark and be sent to the gallows with a trial that shall not last three hours. And yet the collier has to be hung, if found guilty, and no one thinks that his life is improperly endangered by reckless haste. Whether lives may not be improperly saved by the more lengthened process is another question.

But the honors of such bench-fellowship can be accorded but to few, and the task becomes very tiresome when the spectator has to enter the Court as an ordinary mortal. There are two modes open to him, either of which is subject to grievous penalties. If he be the possessor of a decent coat and hat, and can scrape any acquaintance with any one concerned, he may get introduced to that overworked and greatly perplexed official, the under-sheriff, who will stave him off if possible—knowing that even an under-sheriff can not make space elastic—but, if the introduction has been acknowledged as good, will probably find a seat for him if he persevere to the end. But the seat, when obtained, must be kept in possession from morning to evening, and the fight must be renewed from day to day. And the benches are hard, and the space is narrow, and you feel that the under-sheriff would prod you with his sword if you ventured to sneeze or to put to your hot lips the flask which you have in your pocket. And then, when all the bench-fellows go out to lunch at half past one, and you are left to eat your dry sandwich without room for your elbows, a feeling of unsatisfied ambition will pervade you. It is all very well to be the friend of an under-sheriff, but if you could but have known the judge, or have been a cousin of the real sheriff, how different it might have been with you!

But you may be altogether independent, and, as a matter of right, walk into an open English court of law as one of the British public. You will have to stand, of course, and to commence standing very early in the morning, if you intend to succeed in witnessing any portion of the performance. And when you have once made good your entrance as one of the British public, you are apt to be a good deal knocked about, not only by your public brethren, but also by those who have to keep the avenues free for witnesses, and who will regard you from first to last as a disagreeable excrescence on the officialities of the work on hand. Upon the whole, it may be better for you, perhaps, to stay at home, and read the record of the affair as given in the next day's *Times*. Impartial reporters, judicious readers, and able editors between them will preserve for you all the kernel, and will save you from the necessity of having to deal with the shell.

At this trial there were among the crowd who succeeded in entering the Court three persons of our acquaintance who had resolved to overcome the various difficulties. Mr. Monk, who had formerly been a Cabinet Minister, was seated on the bench—subject, indeed, to the heat and stenches, but privileged to eat the lunch. Mr. Quintus Slide, of *The People's Banner*—who knew the court well, for in former days he had worked many an hour in it as a reporter—had obtained the good graces of the under-sheriff. And Mr. Bunce, with all the energy of the British public, had forced his way in among the crowd, and had managed to wedge himself near to the dock, so that he might be able by a hoist of the neck to see his lodger as he stood at the bar. Of these three men, Bunce was assured that the prisoner was innocent—led to such assurance partly by belief in the man, and partly by an innate spirit of opposition to all exercise of restrictive power. Mr. Quintus Slide was certain of the prisoner's guilt, and gave himself considerable credit for having assisted in running down the criminal. It seemed to be natural to Mr. Quintus Slide that a man who had openly quarreled with the editor of *The People's Banner* should come to the gallows. Mr. Monk, as Phineas himself well knew, had doubted. He had received the suspected murderer into his warmest friendship, and was made miserable even by his doubts. Since the circumstances of the case had come to his knowledge, they had weighed upon his mind so as to sadden his whole life. But he was a man who could not make his reason subordinate to his feelings. If the evidence against his friend was strong enough to send his friend to trial, how should he dare to discredit the evidence because the man was his friend? He had visited Phineas in prison, and Phineas had accused him of doubting. "You need not answer me," the unhappy man had said; "but do not come again unless you are able to tell me from your heart that you are sure of my innocence. There is no person living who could comfort me by such assurance as you could do." Mr. Monk had thought about it very much, but he had not repeated his visit.

At a quarter past ten the Chief Justice was on the bench, with a second judge to help him, and with lords and distinguished commoners and great City magnates crowding the long seat between him and the doorway; the court was full, so that you would say that another head could not be made to appear; and Phineas Finn, the member for Tankerville, was in the dock. Barrington Erle, who was there to see—as one of the great ones, of course, told the Duchess of Omnium that night that Phineas was thin and pale, and in many respects an altered man, but handsomer than ever.

"He bore himself well?" asked the Duchess.

"Very well—very well indeed. We were there for six hours, and he maintained the same demeanor throughout. He never spoke but once, and that was when Chaffanbrass began his fight about the jury."

"What did he say?"

"He addressed the judge, interrupting Slope, who was arguing that some man would make a very good juryman, and declared that it was not by his wish that any objection was raised against any gentleman."

"What did the judge say?"

"Told him to abide by his counsel. The Chief Justice was very civil to him, indeed better than civil."

"We'll have him down to Matching, and make ever so much of him," said the Duchess.

"Don't go too fast, Duchess, for he may have to hang poor Phineas yet."

"Oh dear! I wish you wouldn't use that word. But what did he say?"

"He told Finn that, as he had thought fit to employ counsel for his defense—in doing which he had undoubtedly acted wisely—he must leave the case to the discretion of his counsel."

"And then poor Phineas was silenced?"

"He spoke another word. 'My lord,' said he, 'I for my part wish that the first twelve men on the list might be taken.' But old Chaffanbrass went on just the same. It took them two hours and a half before they could swear a jury."

"But, Mr. Erle, taking it altogether, which way is it going?"

"Nobody can even guess as yet. There was ever so much delay besides that about the jury. It seemed that somebody had called him Phinees instead of Phineas, and that took half an hour. They begin with the quarrel at the club, and are to call the first witness to-morrow morning. They are to examine Ratler about the quarrel, and Fitzgibbon, and Monk, and, I believe, old Bouncer, the man who writes, you know. They all heard what took place."

"So did you?"

"I have managed to escape that. They can't very well examine all the club. But I shall be called afterward as to what took place at the door. They will begin with Ratler."

"Every body knows there was a quarrel, and that Mr. Bonteen had been drinking, and that he behaved as badly as a man could behave."

"It must all be proved, Duchess."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Erle. If—if—if this ends badly for Mr. Finn, I'll wear mourning to the day of my death. I'll go to the Drawing-room in mourning, to show what I think of it."

Lord Chiltern, who was also on the bench, took his account of the trial home to his wife and sister in Portman Square. At this time Miss Palliser was staying with them, and the three ladies were together when the account was brought to them. In that house it was taken as doctrine that Phineas Finn was innocent. In the presence of her brother, and before her sister-in-law's visitor, Lady Laura had learned to be silent on the subject, and she now contented herself with listening, knowing that she could relieve herself by speech when alone with Lady Chiltern. "I never knew any thing so tedious in my life," said the master of the Brake hounds. "They have not done any thing yet."

"I suppose they have made their speeches?" said his wife.

"Sir Gregory Grogram opened the case, as they call it; and a very strong case he made of it. I never believe any thing that a lawyer says when he has a wig on his head and a fee in his hand. I prepare myself beforehand to regard it all as mere words, supplied at so much the thousand. I know he'll say whatever he thinks most likely to forward his own views. But upon my word he put it very strongly. He brought it all within so very short a space of time! Bonteen and Finn left the club within a minute of each other. Bonteen must have been at the top of the passage five minutes afterward, and Phineas at that moment could not have been above two hundred yards from him. There can be no doubt of that."

"Oswald, you don't mean to say that it's going against him!" exclaimed Lady Chiltern.

"It's not going any way, at present. The witnesses have not been examined. But so far, I suppose, the Attorney-General was right. He has got to prove it all, but so much, no doubt, he can prove. He can prove that the man was killed with some blunt weapon such as Finn had. And he can prove that exactly at the same time a man was running to the spot very like to Finn, and that by a route which would not have been his route, but by using which he could have placed himself at that moment where the man was seen."

"How very dreadful!" said Miss Palliser.

"And yet I feel that I know it was that other man," said Lady Chiltern. Lady Laura sat silent through it all, listening with her eyes intent on her brother's face, with her elbow on the table and her brow on her hand. She did not speak a word till she found herself alone with her sister-in-law, and then it was hardly more than a word. "Violet, they will murder him!" Lady Chiltern endeavored to comfort her, telling her that as yet they had heard but one side of the case; but the wretched woman only shook her head. "I know they will murder him," she said, "and then when it is too late they will find out what they have done!"

On the following day the crowd in court was if possible greater, so that the bench-fellows were very much squeezed indeed. But it was impossible to exclude from the high seat such men as Mr. Ratler and Lord Fawn when they were required in the court as witnesses, and not a man who had obtained a seat on the first day was willing to be excluded on the second. And even then the witnesses were not called at once. Sir Gregory Grogram began the work of the day by saying that he had heard that morning for the first time that one of his witnesses had been—"tampered with" was the word that he unfortunately used—by his learned friend on the other side. He alluded, of course, to Lord Fawn; and poor Lord Fawn, sitting up there on the seat of honor, visible to all the world, became very hot and very uncomfortable. Then there arose a vehement dispute between Sir Gregory, assisted by Sir Simon, and old Mr. Chaffanbrass, who rejected with disdain any assistance from the gentlemen who were with him. "Tampered with!" That word should be recalled by the honorable gentleman who was at the head of the bar, or—or— Had Mr. Chaffanbrass declared that as an alternative he would pull the court about their ears, it would have been no more than he meant. Lord Fawn had been invited—not summoned to attend; and why? In order that no suspicion of guilt might be thrown on another man, unless the knowledge that was in Lord Fawn's bosom, and there alone, would justify such a line of defense. Lord Fawn had been attended by his own solicitor, and might have brought the Attorney-General with him had he so pleased. There was a great deal said on both sides, and something said also by the judge. At last Sir Gregory withdrew the objectionable word, and substituted in lieu of it an assertion that his witness had been "indiscreetly questioned." Mr. Chaffanbrass would not for a moment admit the indiscretion, but bounced about in his place, tearing his wig almost off his head, and defying every one in the court. The judge submitted to Mr. Chaffanbrass that he had been indiscreet—"I never contradicted the bench yet, my lud," said Mr. Chaffanbrass—at which there was a general titter throughout the bar—"but I must claim the privilege of conducting my own practice according to my own views. In this court I am subject to the bench. In my own chamber I am subject only to the law of the land." The judge, looking over his spectacles, said a mild word about the profession at large. Mr. Chaffanbrass, twisting his wig quite on one side, so that it nearly fell on Mr. Sergeant Birdbolt's face, muttered something as to his having seen more work done in that court than any other living lawyer, let his rank be what it might. When the little affair was over, every body felt that Sir Gregory had been vanquished.

Mr. Ratler, and Lawrence Fitzgibbon, and Mr. Monk, and Mr. Bouncer were examined about the quarrel at the club, and proved that the quarrel had been a very bitter quarrel. They all agreed that Mr. Bonteen had been wrong, and that the prisoner had had cause for anger. Of the three distinguished legislators and statesmen above named Mr. Chaffanbrass refused to take the slightest notice. "I have no question to put to you," he said to Mr. Ratler. "Of course there was a quarrel. We all know that." But he did ask a question or two of Mr. Bouncer. "You write books, I think, Mr. Bouncer?"

"I do," said Mr. Bouncer, with dignity. Now there was no peculiarity in a witness to which Mr. Chaffanbrass was so much opposed as an assumption of dignity.

"What sort of books, Mr. Bouncer?"

"I write novels," said Mr. Bouncer, feeling that Mr. Chaffanbrass must have been ignorant indeed of the polite literature of the day to make such a question necessary.

"You mean fiction."

"Well, yes; fiction—if you like that word better."

"I don't like either, particularly. You have to find plots, haven't you?"

Mr. Bouncer paused a moment. "Yes; yes," he said. "In writing a novel, it is necessary to construct a plot."

"Where do you get 'em from?"

"Where do I get 'em from?"

"Yes; where do you find them? You take them from the French mostly, don't you?" Mr. Bouncer became very red. "Isn't that the way our English writers get their plots?"

"Sometimes, perhaps."

"Yours ain't French, then?"

"Well—no; that is— I won't undertake to say that—that—"

"You won't undertake to say that they're not French."

"Is this relevant to the case before us, Mr. Chaffanbrass?" asked the judge.

"Quite so, my lud. We have a highly distinguished novelist before us, my lud, who, as I have reason to believe, is intimately acquainted with the French system of the construction of plots. It is a business which the French carry to perfection. The plot of a novel should, I imagine, be constructed in accordance with human nature?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Bouncer.

"You have murders in novels?"

"Sometimes," said Mr. Bouncer, who had himself done many murders in his time.

"Did you ever know a French novelist have a premeditated murder committed by a man who could not possibly have conceived the murder ten minutes before he committed it—with whom the cause of the murder anteceded the murder no more than ten minutes?" Mr. Bouncer stood thinking for a while. "We will give you your time, because an answer to the question from you will be important testimony."

"I don't think I do," said Mr. Bouncer, who in his confusion had been quite unable to think of the plot of a single novel.

"And if there were such a French plot, that would not be the plot that you would borrow?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Bouncer.

"Do you ever read poetry, Mr. Bouncer?"

"Oh yes; I read a great deal of poetry."

"Shakspeare, perhaps?" Mr. Bouncer did not condescend to do more than nod his head. "There is a murder described in Hamlet. Was that supposed by the poet to have been devised suddenly?"

"I should say not."

"So should I, Mr. Bouncer. Do you remember the arrangements for the murder in Macbeth? That took a little time in concocting, didn't it?"

"No doubt it did."

"And when Othello murdered Desdemona, creeping up to her in her sleep, he had been thinking of it some time?"

"I suppose he had."

"Do you ever read English novels as well as French, Mr. Bouncer?" The unfortunate author again nodded his head. "When Amy Robsart was lured to her death, there was some time given to the preparation—eh?"

"Of course there was."

"Of course there was. And Eugene Aram, when he murdered a man in Bulwer's novel, turned the matter over in his mind before he did it?"

"He was thinking a long time about it, I believe."

"Thinking about it a long time! I rather think he was. Those great masters of human nature, those men who know the human heart, did not venture to describe a secret murder as coming from a man's brain without premeditation?"

"Not that I can remember."

"Such also is my impression. But now I bethink me of a murder that was almost as sudden as this is supposed to have been. Didn't a Dutch smuggler murder a Scotch lawyer, all in a moment as it were?"

"Dirk Hatteraick did murder Glossop, in *Guy Mannering*, very suddenly; but he did it from passion."

"Just so, Mr. Bouncer. There was no plot there, was there? No arrangement; no secret creeping up to his victim; no escape even?"

"He was chained."

"So he was, chained like a dog; and like a dog he flew at his enemy. If I understand you, then, Mr. Bouncer, you would not dare so to violate probability in a novel as to produce a murderer to the public who should contrive a secret hidden murder—contrive it and execute it, all within a quarter of an hour?" Mr. Bouncer, after another minute's consideration, said that he thought he would not do so. "Mr. Bouncer," said Mr. Chaffanbrass, "I am uncommonly obliged to our excellent friend, Sir Gregory, for having given us the advantage of your evidence."

CHAPTER LXII.

LORD FAWN'S EVIDENCE.

A CROWD of witnesses were heard on the second day after Mr. Chaffanbrass had done with Mr. Bouncer, but none of them were of much interest to the public. The three doctors were examined as to the state of the dead man's head when he was picked up, and as to the nature of the instrument with which he had probably been killed; and the fact of Phineas Finn's life-preserver was proved—in the middle of which he begged that the court would save itself some little trouble, as he was quite ready to acknowledge that he had walked home with the short bludgeon, which was then produced, in his pocket. "We would acknowledge a great deal if they would let us," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. "We acknowledge the quarrel; we acknowledge the walk home at night; we acknowledge the bludgeon, and we acknowledge a gray coat." But that happened toward the close of the second day, and they had not then reached the gray coat. The question of the gray coat was commenced on the third morning—on the Saturday—which day, as was well known, would be opened with the examination of Lord Fawn. The anxiety to hear Lord Fawn undergo his penance was intense, and had been greatly increased by the conviction that Mr. Chaffanbrass would resent upon him the charge made by the Attorney-General as to tampering with a witness. "I'll tamper with him by-and-by," Mr. Chaffanbrass had whispered to Mr. Wickerby, and the whispered threat had been spread abroad. On the table before Mr. Chaffanbrass, when he took his place in the court on the Saturday, was laid a heavy gray coat, and on the opposite side of the table, just before the Solicitor-General, was laid another gray coat, of much lighter material. When Lord Fawn saw the two coats as he took his seat on the bench his heart failed him.

Laurence Fitzgibbon, who had before been examined as to what had taken place within the club, was again questioned as to the words spoken at the club door. "Did they strike you as meaning any thing?" asked Mr. Chaffanbrass, in his cross-examination. "They struck me as meaning nothing at all," said Laurence. "I should think not," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. Then Barrington Erle gave his evidence to the same effect.

He was hardly allowed to seat himself before he was called upon to be sworn. Sir Simon Slope, who was to examine him, took it for granted that his lordship could give his evidence from his place on the bench, but to this Mr. Chaffanbrass objected. He was very well aware, he said, that such a practice was usual. He did not doubt but that in his time he had examined some hundreds of witnesses from the bench. In nineteen cases out of twenty there could be no objection to such a practice. But in this case the noble lord would have to give evidence not only as to what he had seen, but as to what he then saw. It would be expedient that he should see colors as nearly as possible in the same light as the jury, which he would do if he stood in the witness-box. And there might arise questions of identity, in speaking of which it would be well that the noble lord should be as near as possible to the thing or person to be identified. He was afraid that he must trouble the noble lord to come down from the Elysium of the bench. Whereupon Lord Fawn descended, and was sworn in at the witness-box.

His treatment from Sir Simon Slope was all that was due from a Solicitor-General to a distinguished peer who was a member of the same Government as himself. Sir Simon put his questions so as almost to re-assure the witness; and very quickly—only too quickly—obtained from him all the information that was needed on the side of the prosecution. Lord Fawn, when he had left the club, had seen both Mr. Bonteen and Mr. Finn preparing to follow him, but he had gone alone, and had never seen Mr. Bonteen since. He walked very slowly down into Curzon Street and Bolton Row, and when there, as he was about to cross the road at the top of Clarges Street—as he believed, just as he was crossing the street—he saw a man come at a very fast pace out of the mews which runs into Bolton Row, opposite to Clarges Street, and from thence hurry very quickly toward the passage which separates the gardens of Devonshire and Lansdowne Houses. It had already been proved that, had Phineas Finn retraced his steps after Erle and Fitzgibbon had turned their backs upon him, his shortest and certainly most private way to the spot on which Lord Fawn had seen the man would have been by the mews in question. Lord Fawn went on to say that the man wore a gray coat—as far as he could judge it was such a coat as Sir Simon now showed him; he could not at all identify the prisoner; he could not say whether the man he had seen was as tall as the prisoner; he thought that, as far as he could judge, there was not much difference in the height. He had not thought of Mr. Finn when he saw the man hurrying along, nor had he troubled his mind about the man. That was the end of Lord Fawn's evidence in chief, which he would gladly have prolonged to the close of the day could he thereby have postponed the coming horrors of his cross-examination. But there he was—in the clutches of the odious, dirty little man, hating the little man, despising him because he was dirty, and nothing better than an Old Bailey barrister—and yet fearing him with so intense a fear!

Mr. Chaffanbrass smiled at his victim, and for a moment was quite soft with him—as a cat is soft with a mouse. The reporters could hardly hear his first question—"I believe you are an Under-Secretary of State?" Lord Fawn acknowledged the fact. Now it was the case that in the palmy days of our hero's former career he had filled the very office which Lord Fawn now occupied, and that Lord Fawn had at the time filled a similar position in another department. These facts Mr. Chaffanbrass extracted from his witness—not without an appearance of unwillingness, which was produced, however, altogether by the natural antagonism of the victim to his persecutor; for Mr. Chaffanbrass, even when asking the simplest questions in the simplest words, even when abstaining from that sarcasm of tone under which witnesses were wont to feel that they were being flayed alive, could so look at a man as to create an antagonism which no witness could conceal. In asking a man his name, and age, and calling, he could produce an impression that the man was unwilling to tell any thing, and that, therefore, the jury were entitled to regard his evidence with suspicion. "Then," continued Mr. Chaffanbrass, "you must have met him frequently in the intercourse of your business?"

"I suppose I did—sometimes."

"Sometimes? You belonged to the same party?"

"We didn't sit in the same House."

"I know that, my lord. I know very well what House you sat in. But I suppose you would condescend to be acquainted with even a commoner who held the very office which you hold now. You belonged to the same club with him."

"I don't go much to the clubs," said Lord Fawn.

"But the quarrel of which we have heard so much took place at a club in your presence?" Lord Fawn assented. "In fact, you can not but have been intimately and accurately acquainted with the personal appearance of the gentleman who is now on his trial. Is that so?"

"I never was intimate with him."

Mr. Chaffanbrass looked up at the jury and shook his head sadly. "I am not presuming, Lord Fawn, that you so far derogated as to be intimate with a gentleman—as to whom, however, I shall be able to show by-and-by that he was the chosen friend of the very men under whose mastership you serve. I ask whether his appearance is not familiar to you?" Lord Fawn at last said that it was. "Do you know his height? What should you say was his height?" Lord Fawn altogether refused to give an opinion on such subjects, but acknowledged that he should not be surprised if he were told that Mr. Finn was over six feet high. "In fact, you consider him a tall man, my lord? There he is, you can look at him. Is he a tall man?" Lord Fawn did look, but wouldn't give an answer. "I'll undertake to say, my lord, that there isn't a person in the court at this moment, except yourself, who wouldn't be ready to express an opinion on his oath that Mr. Finn is a tall man. Mr. Chief Constable, just let the prisoner step out from the dock for a moment. He won't run away. I must have his lordship's opinion as to Mr. Finn's height." Poor Phineas, when this was said, clutched hold of the front of the dock, as though determined that nothing but main force should make him exhibit himself in the court in the manner proposed.

But the need for exhibition passed away. "I know that he is a very tall man," said Lord Fawn.

"You know that he is a very tall man. We all know it. There can be no doubt about it. He is, as you say, a very tall man, with whose personal appearance you have long been familiar? I ask again, my lord, whether you have not been long familiar with his personal appearance?" After some further agonizing delay, Lord Fawn at last acknowledged that it had been so. "Now we shall get on like a house on fire," said Mr. Chaffanbrass.

But still the house did not burn very quickly. A string of questions was then asked as to the attitude of the man who had been seen coming out of the mews wearing a gray great-coat—as to his attitude, and as to his general likeness to Phineas Finn. In answer to these Lord Fawn would only say that he had not observed the man's attitude, and had certainly not thought of the prisoner when he saw the man. "My lord," said Mr. Chaffanbrass, very solemnly, "look at your late friend and colleague, and remember that his life depends probably on the accuracy of your memory. The man you saw—murdered Mr. Bonteen. With all my experience in such matters—which is great—and with all my skill—which is something—I can not stand against that fact. It is for me to show that that man and my client were not one and the same person, and I must do so by means of your evidence, by sifting what you say to-day, and by comparing it with what you have already said on other occasions. I understand you now to say that there is nothing in your remembrance of the man you saw, independently of the color of the coat, to guide you to an opinion whether that man was or was not one and the same with the prisoner?"

In all the crowd then assembled there was no man more thoroughly under the influence of conscience as to his conduct than was Lord Fawn in reference to the evidence which he was called upon to give. Not only would the idea of endangering the life of a human being have been horrible to him, but the sanctity of an oath was imperative upon him. He was essentially a truth-speaking man, if only he knew how to speak the truth. He would have sacrificed much to establish the innocence of Phineas Finn—not for the love of Phineas, but for the love of innocence; but not even to do that would he have lied. But he was a bad witness, and by his slowness, and by a certain unsustained pomposity, which was natural to him, had already taught the jury to think that he was anxious to convict the prisoner. Two men in the court, and two only, thoroughly understood his condition. Mr. Chaffanbrass saw it all, and intended without the slightest scruple to take advantage of it. And the Chief Justice saw it all—and was already resolving how he could set the witness right with the jury.

"I didn't think of Mr. Finn at the time," said Lord Fawn, in answer to the last question.

"So I understand. The man didn't strike you as being tall."

"I don't think that he did."

"But yet, in the evidence you gave before the magistrate in Bow Street, I think you expressed a very strong opinion that the man you saw running out of the mews was Mr. Finn?" Lord Fawn was again silent. "I am asking your lordship a question to which I must request an answer. Here is the *Times* report of the examination, with which you can refresh your memory, and you are, of course, aware that it was mainly on your evidence as here reported that my client now stands there in jeopardy of his life."

"I am not aware of any thing of the kind," said the witness.

"Very well; we will drop that, then. But such was your evidence, whether important or not important. Of course your lordship can take what time you please for recollection."

Lord Fawn tried very hard to recollect, but would not look at the newspaper which had been handed to him. "I can not remember what words I used. It seems to me that I thought it must have been Mr. Finn because I had been told that Mr. Finn could have been there by running round."

"Surely, my lord, that would not have sufficed to induce you to give such evidence as is there reported?"

"And the color of the coat," said Lord Fawn.

"In fact, you went by the color of the coat, and that only?"

"Then there had been the quarrel."

"My lord, is not that begging the question? Mr. Bonteen quarreled with Mr. Finn. Mr. Bonteen was murdered by a man, as we all believe, whom you saw at a certain spot. Therefore you identified the man whom you saw as Mr. Finn. Was that so?"

"I didn't identify him."

"At any rate, you do not do so now? Putting aside the gray coat, there is nothing to make you now think that that man and Mr. Finn were one and the same? Come, my lord, on behalf of that man's life, which is in great jeopardy because of the evidence given by you before the magistrate, do not be ashamed to speak the truth openly, though it be at variance with what you may have said before with ill-advised haste."

"My lord, is it proper that I should be treated in this way?" said the witness, appealing to the Bench.

"Mr. Chaffanbrass," said the judge, again looking at the barrister over his spectacles, "I think you are stretching the privilege of your position too far."

"I shall have to stretch it further yet, my lord. His lordship, in his evidence before the magistrate, gave on his oath a decided opinion that the man he saw was Mr. Finn, and on that evidence Mr. Finn was committed for murder. Let him say openly, now, to the jury—when Mr. Finn is on trial for his life before the court, and for all his hopes in life before the country—whether he thinks as then he thought, and on what grounds he thinks so."

"I think so because of the quarrel, and because of the gray coat."

"For no other reasons?"

"No; for no other reasons."

"Your only ground for suggesting identity is the gray coat?"

"And the quarrel," said Lord Fawn.

"My lord, in giving evidence of identity, I fear that you do not understand the meaning of the word." Lord Fawn looked up at the judge, but the judge on this occasion said nothing. "At any rate, we have it from you at present that there was nothing in the appearance of the man you saw like to that of Mr. Finn except the color of the coat."

"I don't think there was," said Lord Fawn, slowly.

Then there occurred a scene in the court which, no doubt, was gratifying to the spectators, and may in part have repaid them for the weariness of the whole proceeding. Mr. Chaffanbrass, while Lord Fawn was still in the witness-box, requested permission for a certain man to stand forward and put on the coat which was lying on the table before him—this coat being in truth the identical garment which Mr. Meager had brought home with him on the morning of the murder. This man was Mr. Wickerby's clerk, Mr. Scruby, and he put on the coat, which seemed to fit him well. Mr. Chaffanbrass then asked permission to examine Mr. Scruby, explaining that much time might thus be saved, and declaring that he had but one question to ask him. After some difficulty this permission was given him, and Mr. Scruby was asked his height. Mr. Scruby was five feet eight inches, and had been accurately measured on the previous day with reference to this question. Then the examination of Lord Fawn was resumed, and Mr. Chaffanbrass referred to that very irregular interview to which he had so improperly enticed the witness in Mr. Wickerby's chambers. For a long time Sir Gregory Grogram declared that he would not permit any allusion to what had taken place at a most improper conference—a conference which he could not stigmatize in sufficiently strong language. But Mr. Chaffanbrass, smiling blandly—smiling very blandly for him—suggested that the impropriety of the conference, let it have been ever so abominable, did not prevent the fact of the conference, and that he was manifestly within his right in alluding to it. "Suppose, my lord, that Lord Fawn had confessed in Mr. Wickerby's chambers that he had murdered Mr. Finn himself, and had since repented of that confession, would Mr. Camperdown and Mr. Wickerby, who were present, and would I, be now debarred from stating that confession in evidence, because, in deference to some fanciful rules of etiquette, Lord Fawn should not have been there?" Mr. Chaffanbrass at last prevailed, and the evidence was resumed.

"You saw Mr. Scruby wear that coat in Mr. Wickerby's chambers." Lord Fawn said that he could not identify the coat. "We'll take care to have it identified. We shall get a great deal out of that coat yet. You saw that man wear a coat like that."

"Yes, I did."

"And you see him now."

"Yes, I do."

"Does he remind you of the figure of the man you saw come out of the mews?" Lord Fawn paused. "We can't make him move about here as we did in Mr. Wickerby's room; but, remembering that, as you must do, does he look like the man?"

"I don't remember what the man looked like."

"Did you not tell us in Mr. Wickerby's room that Mr. Scruby with the gray coat on was like the figure of the man?"

Questions of this nature were prolonged for near half an hour, during which Sir Gregory made more than one attempt to defend his witness from the weapons of their joint enemies; but Lord Fawn at last admitted that he had acknowledged the resemblance, and did, in some faint, ambiguous fashion, acknowledge it in his present evidence.

"My lord," said Mr. Chaffanbrass, as he allowed Lord Fawn to go down, "you have no doubt taken a note of Mr. Scruby's height." Whereupon the judge nodded his head.

CHAPTER LXIII.

MR. CHAFFANBRASS FOR THE DEFENSE.

THE case for the prosecution was completed on the Saturday evening, Mrs. Bunce having been examined as the last witness on that side. She was only called upon to say that her lodger had been in the habit of letting himself in and out of her house at all hours with a latch-key; but she insisted on saying more, and told the judge and the jury and the barristers that if they thought that Mr. Finn had murdered any body, they didn't know any thing about the world in general. Whereupon Mr. Chaffanbrass said that he would like to ask her a question or two, and with consummate flattery extracted from her her opinion of her lodger. She had known him for years, and thought that, of all the gentlemen that